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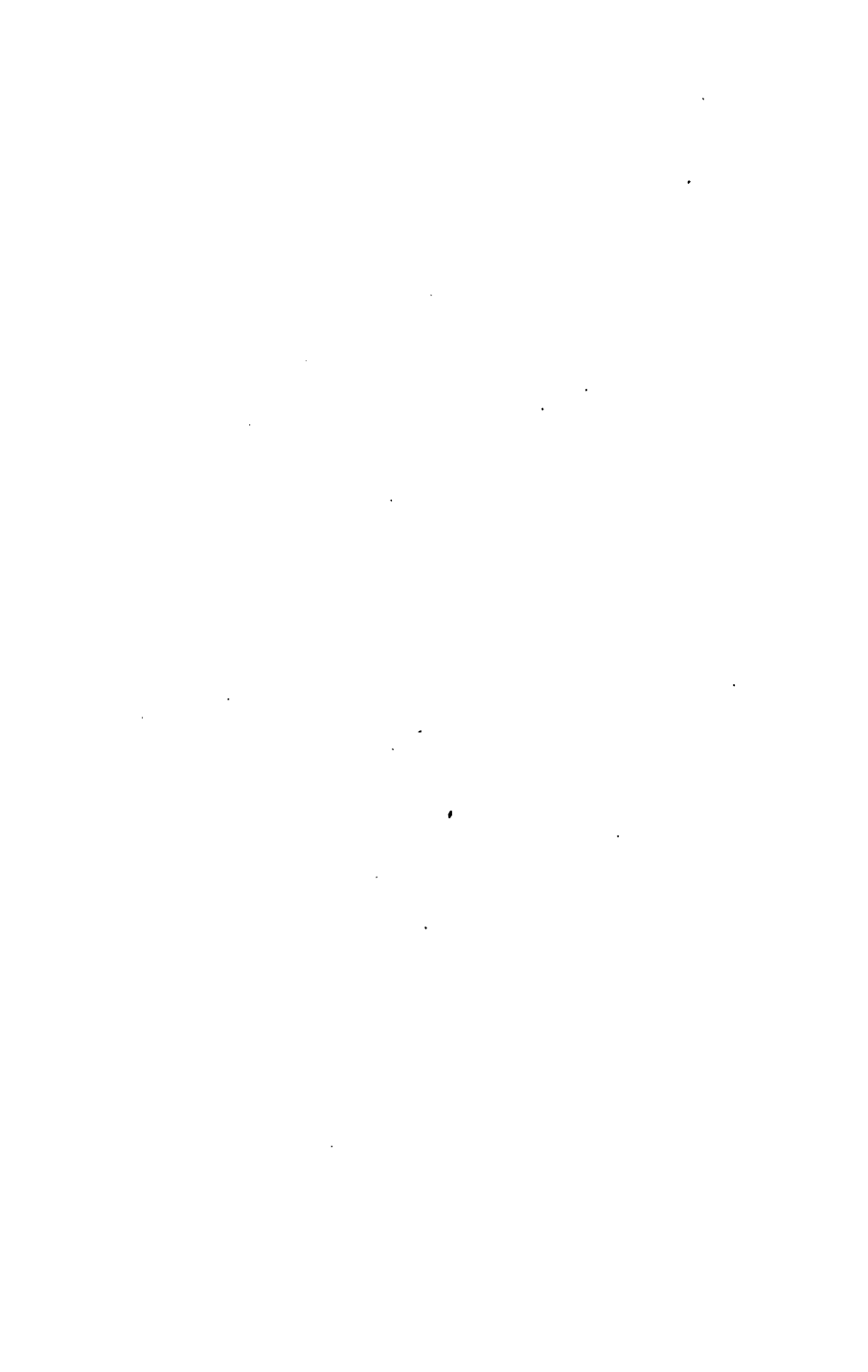
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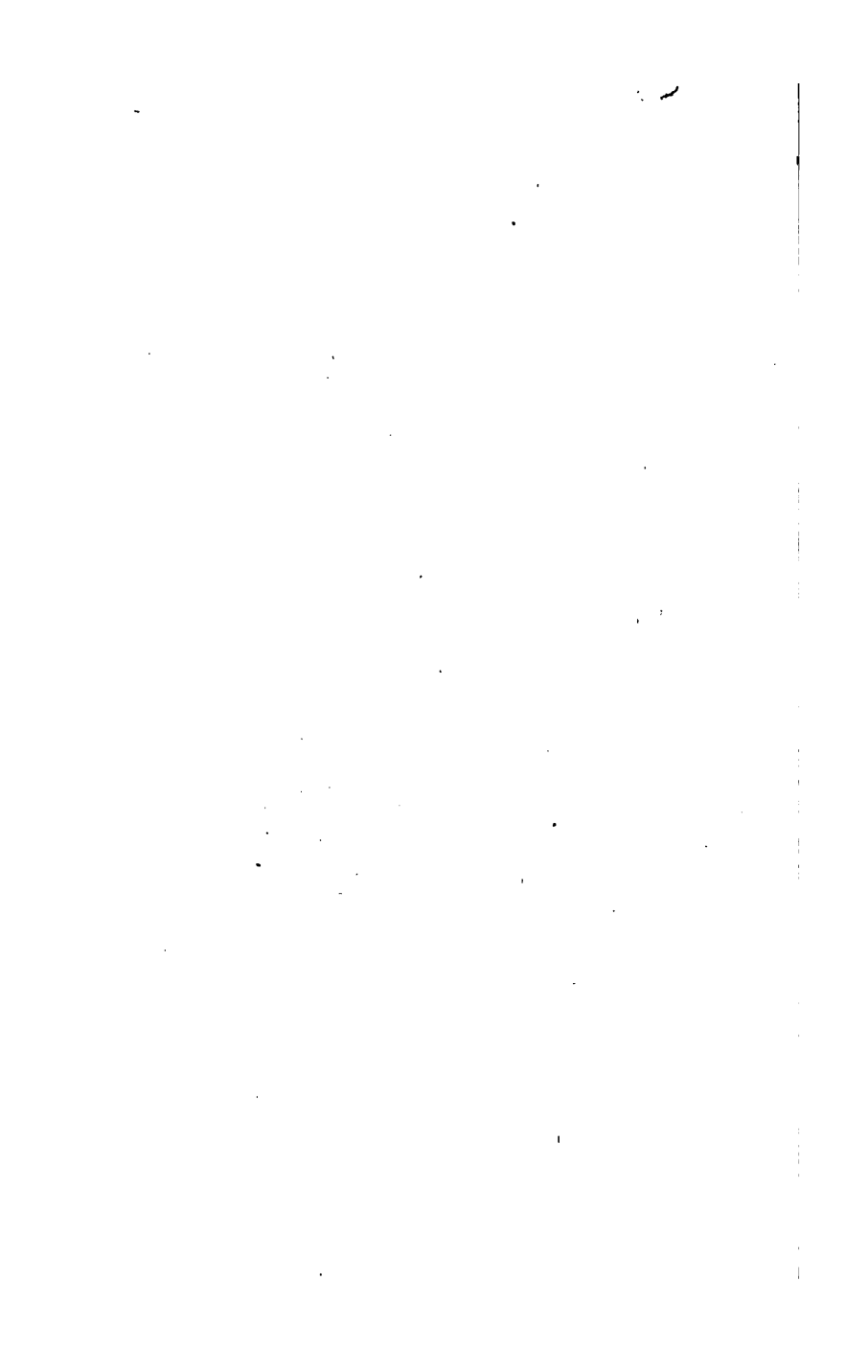
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LAYS OF THE LAKES,
AND OTHER POEMS.



LAYS OF THE LAKES,
AND OTHER POEMS
OF
DESCRIPTION AND REFLECTION.

BY CATHERINE PONSONBY,

AUTHOR OF "THE PROSPECT, OR SCENES OF REAL LIFE;" "THE MYSTERIES
OF PROVIDENCE AND TRIUMPHS OF GRACE;" "THE DUCHESSE
D'AUVERGNE, OR SUFFERINGS OF THE FRENCH
PROTESTANTS," &c., &c.



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P R E F A C E.

THERE is nothing more delightful, to the refined and enlightened Christian mind, than the sweet strains of Poetry, when consecrated to Religion; when it breathes forth, in the mild and mingled melody of its own beautiful and peculiar language, the feelings and the sentiments—the joys and the sorrows of the heart, and the rich and divine consolations of the Gospel. It seems, indeed, when thus employed, divinely suited to the character of that religion which binds up the broken heart, pours the balm of consolation into the wounded spirit, and cheers and brightens the varied scenes of human life.

The Poetry produced by the scenes of nature, and the incidents and events of life, in connection with the experience of piety in the soul, though simple in its form and exclusive in its character, still appears to possess, from its very nature, a sweet and powerful influence over the feelings and affections of the

heart, pervaded by sentiments, or touched with sorrows similar to those which it delineates. The tendency of such a species of Sacred Poetry is undoubtedly to strengthen the spiritual life of the Christian, and to excite a spirit of devotion in the soul. It is with these impressions that the following Poems, composed principally upon incidental occasions of the nature alluded to, have been allowed to assume their present form.

DESCRIPTIVE SONNETS.

A DAY AMONGST THE MOUNTAINS.

I.

THE ASCENT.

The Morn was lovely and profoundly still,
No breath of air was stirring 'mongst the trees,
Whose leaves were motionless, like verdant frieze
Most delicately chiselled! Up the hill
We clomb—no sound broke nature's hush, save rill
Whose distant music mocked the silent breeze!
The difficult Ascent, with wayward will,
Led us by steeps of shaggy wood; or leas
Of living verdure fringed with shady woods
Inviting to repose—by swelling sides
Of lofty fell; or as it oft betides,
Plunged into dark and deep ravine, where floods
Swept past resisting rocks with giant strides,
Awaking thunders in these solitudes.

II.

THE CATARACT.

The noisy burst of the impetuous Stream
Now thundered in our ears, where it was pent
Within proud and impeding rocks, and spent
Its rage for few brief moments, till the gleam
Of its triumphant waters rushing, seem
Like hosts of war from lofty battlement :
In sheeny splendour in the sun's bright beam
It ceaseless grandeur to the conflict lent !
Grandly it swept the summit of the steep,
Bold and precipitous, in fancies wild,
Dauntless and daring, like true mountain Child ;
From rock to rock, it took its fearless leap,
Till wearied with its strife, subdued it smiled,
And in the Lake beneath, sunk calm to sleep !

III.

HARBINGERS OF STORM.

Enclosed in the deep valley—girdled round
By lofty mountains, here the burning rays
Of the midsummer sun's unclouded blaze
Waxed too intense, while in the pure profound
Of the unruffled Lake, their splendours found,
Reflected radiance.—Oh ! for clouded phase
To shade us to yon lofty summit, crowned
By forest of umbrageous trees ! Here plays—
How vivifying !—a soft balmy breath
Of gentle air ! But scarcely had the rest
So grateful, and the shades so softly drest
With sylvan beauty, crowned our weary path,
When clouds came rolling swiftly from the West,—
And now the sky o'ercast in frowns of wrath !

IV.

THE TEMPEST.

The warblers in the wood ceased song—the flocks
By field and mount stood motionless—all heaven
Seemed big with dark anticipations given,
Of Tempest terrible! Clefts of the rocks
Had scarce afforded shelter, when the shocks
Came quickly, of the mighty conflict striven!
A flood of living lightning first unlocks
The clouds of Heaven, whose frowning denseness riven,
Reveals it in the loud terrific peal
Of thunders dread, reverberating still
Their echoing terrors from each distant hill!
The Earth is heaving, and the mountains reel,
Trembling and troubled at God's awful will,
And, in their might, Omnipotency feel!

V.

THE NIGHT.

This but the opening of the dreadful scene !
Flash upon flash was poured in purest light—
Peal upon peal succeeding in their might—
Terrifically grand ! Beauties terrene
Were deluged ; and if pauses intervene,
Awakening hope the elemental fight
Had ceased its raging—once again the sheen
Of the fierce lightning shot its signal bright
For thunders voices ! Thus the day forlorn
Elapsed—till shades of evening sad assume
Midnight's dire darkness, deepening the gloom ;
Through its still hours the tempest raged, till Morn
Broke softly on the earth's sweet freshened bloom,
In smiles of gladness lovely and new born !

VI.

THE REFLECTION.

How feeble and how impotent is Man,
Beneath the terrible array of frowns,
Jehovah's awful sovereignty crowns,
When voice of His loud thunder speaks, and span
Of the earth's circuit His swift lightnings scan !
Strength of eternal hills is His ! Hé owns
The mighty mountains ranged within his plan,
As the meek valley, or the meadowed downs—
All utter impotency in His eyes !
Happy who hath the everlasting arms,
Around and underneath, amid alarms
Of Time or Life's decay ; and in the skies,
Arrayed in glowing and eternal charms,
Beholds where his enduring Portion lies !

VII.

THE REPOSE.

The Morn so bright, so beautiful—serene—
Sweetly succeeding the terrific day
Of storm magnificent—with gentle ray,
Revivifying loveliness terrene,
And breathing gladness o'er the ravaged scene ;
To holy contemplation seemed to say ;
Such are the gracious influences seen,
When terrors of God's wrath are swept away
From stricken conscience, as the melting grace
Of Jesus, and the Spirit's whispers fall,
Like the mysterious accents, still and small
Once breathed on Horeb, when the awful trace
Majestic, of Jehovah's judgments all
Passed by ! and MERCY veiled the prophet's face !

WINDERMERE.

I.

Fair Windermere, thou soft and lovely Lake !
I know not which to love the best, thy face
Bright with the noon-day sun's resplendent grace
And glory, when thy beauties shadowed, wake
New forms of loveliness beneath each brake
And knoll, which fringe thy margin with rich trace
Indenting it around,—or, when I take
My survey of thy waters as gives place,
In waning loveliness the vèspèr star,
To the pale moon's advancing glories—soft
And shaded by the fleecy clouds which oft,
With slender veiling, intervene to bar
Its brightness, struggling in the ether loft
To shed its trembling radiance wide and far.

II.

How lovely thus to see thy moon-lit waves,
Dance in the ripples which the gentle breeze
Stirs softly, as with passing wing it sees
How calm and beautiful thou art ! And raves
But seldom here the tempest loud, which braves
The lofty summits and the forest trees
Of the primeval mountains. Nature saves
Her favourite child, from roughnesses as these ;—
Dread ebullitions of her passions wild !
And chiefly when o'er thee the moonlight plays,
Oh, what a softened brilliancy arrays
The fair Winander with her waters mild,
Yet so majestic ! Seraphim might gaze,
And deem earth's scenes still Eden undefiled.

III.

How softly on thy breast the Islets sleep
In tenderness of beauty ! Oh, how blest,
Could troubled hearts enjoy so holy rest
On bosom of their God—serenely keep
Their souls reposed on Him ; nor alway steep
With tears their earthly path ! Their Father's breast
Sustains them tenderly, and when they weep
At life's brief troubles, oh, still kindest,—best,
His dispensations are, though robed in clouds
And oft conveyed in tempest. Safely still
He keeps his people ; as each mighty hill
May cast its deepening shadows o'er these crowds
Of fairy isles, but by His holy will,
The gloom likewise protects them which enshrouds !

IV.

God's children shall be kept in peace, yea, though
The earth should be removed, the mountains cast
Into the sea ; though waters roar 'mid blast
Of Time's rude tempests ; though the mountains bow
By swellings of the troubled surge below,
A river is, whose streams of water last
Through endless ages—a pure living flow
Soft springing, when earth's stormy scenes are past,
Into life everlasting ! As around
Beloved Jerusalem, the mountains high
Reared their proud summits to the azure sky,
God's faithful and benignant love is found
Engirdling thus His people, while his eye
Views their terrestrial home as holy ground.

GRASSMERE AND RYDAL.

I.

Loughrigge ! thy rugged mountain ridge we clomb
On errand to explore a valley deep,
Wherein two lovely lakes in beauty sleep ;
Grassmere and Rydal, with their Poet's home
Embosomed in rich woods, beside the foam,
Pearly and graceful, of the cataract's leap ;
Beauties, abode of Poet well become,
Whose breathing numbers with the breezes sweep
Down the soft valleys, or in lofty swell
Blend with the tempest on the mountain top !
Anon, by lonely tarn or torrent, stop
To mingle sentiment with song, and tell
Of Nature's scenes, while gentle tears may drop,
Wordsworth ! as thou dost point high moral well.

HELMSCRAG AND ADJACENT MOUNTAINS.

I.

A living beauty breathes amongst those Hills,
 Rich and surpassing in its aspects bland,
 Softening and shading the 'creations grand
 Of Nature's rude magnificence, which fills
 The Vast with its fine forms and features—stills
 The ardent mind, as by supreme command,
 To pensive musing, which the thought instils,
 Of an infinitude beyond this land,
 Of loveliness illimitable—far
 As soaring eye can range each fairy scene,
 Transcending other! Visions intervene,
 Imaginative of fair worlds, which are
 Eternally sublime! And scenes terrene,
 The contrast aids to elevate, not mar.

II.

POWER OF ASSOCIATION.

But all magnificent and brightly fair,
These lakes and mountains, and sublimely fraught
With lofty inspiration's raptured thought ;
Though England's lovely scenes excel them far,
Scotland, thy hills and dales still dearer are !
A hallowed charm invests them, seeming caught
From Heaven itself, like the mild vesper star
Diffusing glory o'er some desert spot !
These mountain scenes, so rugged, bleak, and wild,
Where tempests battle, and fierce torrents roar
'Mid dash of their wild waters—where the hoar
Of sprinkled snows oft rest, while Nature smiled
In summer's soft resplendence—here of yore,
In times of trouble, dwelt Oppression's child !

III.

THE COVENANTERS.

Rocks inaccessible, which scale the skies—
Their clefts and caves a sacred covert spread,
O'er many holy and high honoured head—
At voice of prayer,* the mist cloud swiftly flies
To shroud the spot from keen malignant eyes
Of bitter foes, who oft-times, it is said,
Sped viewless by, where cloud-capt refuge lies
Hiding His saints, high by Jehovah led !
My native hills have seen sublimer sight
Than beam or blush of beauty ! Here the Dead
Martyrs to God ! sleep on their mountain bed.
Oh ! can I ever cease to love the light
Like lovely halo round its lustre spread,
Of Moral glory robed in radiance bright !

* The remarkable answers to prayer vouchsafed to the Covenanters, in their frequent deliverances from imminent perils, are abundantly recorded. The venerable Peden, on such occasions of danger, used to say in his homely dialect, but lofty faith, "Oh ! Lord ! now spread a lap o' thy cloak over us !" Meaning a cloud of mist, in allusion to the clouds as God's garment.

In direct answer to prayer, the mists of the mountains would often arise as by miracle, and envelop the people from the view of their enemies. Thus Faith in God can wield a mightier weapon still, than the fancied rod of enchantment.

EFFUSION,
AFTER VISITING THE CELEBRATED FALLS AT RYDAL.
ADDRESSED TO MY LITTLE NIECES.

CATHERINE and Jemima dear,
Were you with little brother here,
You would much delighted be,
With all the wonders you would see,
In this land of lovely lakes,
Mountains high and woody brakes.

I send the picture of a Fall,
Once a stream of water small,
Flowing from a mountain top
Very smoothly, till a stop
Was put to its proceedings by
A heap of Rocks projecting high,
Saying to the limpid stream,
“ I will stay you, tiny thing,
With your pearly current flowing,
Where the mountain flowers are growing ;

With your murmuring music low,
Charming silence as you go,
Kissing pebbles, nor a blush
Tinge your wavelets, as you gush
With a beauty, I confess,
I should gladly wish were less ;
Shedding such a rival grace,
Near my rocky dwelling-place,
That people passing always look,
To the little shining Brook,
Never heeding my dark form,
Rendered rough by many a storm,
Yet, in my opinion, fine,
As thy softer beauties shine !
Little streamlet ! Get you gone !
You shall here no longer run ;
You shall not permitted be,
Thus to pass, as you shall see ! ”

When the Rock thus angry spoke,
To the little lovely Brook—
Which it should rejoice to see
With its silvery current free,
Shedding brightness on the block
Of a frowning rugged rock,

Though a Stream of gentle mood,
When it heard this language rude,
It was not disposed to be,
Filled with such timidity,
As to give the Rock his way,
Turn its course—its current stay,
Speeding with all haste could make,
To a loved and lovely Lake,
There to swell, along with others,
Mountain streams, its high-born brothers,
Its broad bosom, which without
Would have much been put about ;
For, in truth, the Lake depended,
When its waters were expended,
For supplies in faithful love,
Flowing from the hills above.
Else how could Lake with lovely face,
England's sweet smiling valleys grace ?
'What it would have done, I wonder,
In so sad dilemma under,
Had all its little sparkling streams
Been stopped by every rock which deems
It was thus outvied in beauty—

But the Streamlet knew its duty,

And it answered on the spot—
“ Haughty Rock ! I heed thee not,
On my rightful path I go,
Whether ye gainsay or no.
I am a free mountain Child,
Born upon yon summit wild—
Rocked by tempest and by storm,
In my weak and helpless form ;
Nurtured by the winter snow ;
Gladdened by the summer glow ;
Gentle showers my source supply,
Wept by cloudlets from the sky ;
As the breezes of the wind
Breathe their currents unconfined,
Fearless in my course I flow,
Spite thy dark and frowning brow ;
On my native errand sent,
Unassuming and content ;
All thy wrath and hate I scorn,
Like a mountain Stream free-born ! ”

Thus nobly spake the mountain Stream,
With a bright indignant beam
On its placid waters gushing,
As it swept on, boldly rushing

Past the proud impeding Rock,
Till it met a sudden shock :—

It now beheld with sad surprise
New troubles in its progress rise—
For, lo ! a mighty rock had rolled
From the summit, we are told,
Of a lofty Fell close by,
Rising proudly to the sky ;
In some freak which it had taken
It had some abutment shaken,
And the trembling rock, dismayed,
A tremendous plunge had made
To the valley underneath,
Where it met a sudden death.

There it lay, obstructing quite
In its course, the Streamlet bright,
In the pathway it had kept
So long, and so serenely swept,
With its pearly current flowing,
Where the mountain flowers were growing ;—
Where, without its ever knowing,
And nearly, too, as one would think,
Upon dark ruin's very brink,

•

It felt its gentle waters growing,
And its gathered current flowing,
And its strength impeded, glowing
With a tide advancing high,
And with swelling surges nigh
As stately, as the mighty stone
Had in its way obstructing thrown !
Louder,—wilder, grew the strife,
Rock and Stream, as if for life !
To their conflict bringing ever
Scattered rocks the waters sever,
Which these a great assistance lent
To build a mighty battlement—
Until, as it is truly said,
Gathered from their mountain bed,
With rocks the narrow valley round
Was crowded to its utmost bound—
And formed at last this mighty Steep,
O'er which the waters grandly sweep
With a proud majestic leap !

Which well they might, when they had risen
After a noble conflict striven,
From a feeble purling Stream,
To yon Cataract's mighty gleam !

Little did the Rock, I ween,
Calculate on such a scene,
As the splendid waterfall,
From a mountain streamlet small,
With its gentle waters flowing
Where the mountain flowers are growing !

The moral is, a gentle mind
When resisted, we may find
In its holy course of life,
Shrinks not from unequal strife
With the world—and thus shall rise
In high triumph to the skies !

REFLECTIVE SONNETS.

I.

NATURE AND GRACE.

Oft when the thunder bursts, no drop of rain
Falls on the Earth; though through their gloomy
shroud,

Torrents seem bursting from the burdened cloud :
Yet no drop falls ! And though the world again
Heaves with convulsive unremitted pain :
Yet no drop falls ! At length the gathered crowd,
Of watery vapours in Heaven's vaulted plain,
Sullen disparting, change their aspect proud,—
And one soft cloudlet from its bosom drops
Benignantly, a sweet and gentle shower !
Then torrents follow, with their copious dower
Of blessing, on the dry parched ground which opes,
Its thirsty furrows to the gracious power,
Maturing Harvest's rich and treasured hopes !

II.

Thus the stern feelings of the flinty heart,
Beneath the terrors of God's mighty wrath,
Encompassing with frowns of heaven his path !
His soul is smitten and convulsed—depart
He may not, from a power beyond his art
Or strength to cope with—to the verge of death
Eternal pressing him, as lot or part
He held not, in the gracious words which saith,
“ Believe and live ! ” The holiness of God
Is beautiful, but awful in his eyes ;—
Yet still he weeps not ! Penitential sighs
Nor softens nor subdues his heart—the load
Of sin unpardoned on his conscience lies ;—
Yet still he weeps not ! Still unblessed the rod !

III.

Until, at length, a ray of Mercy beams
Within the cloud ! Oh ! then, he weeps,—the tears,
Few, but how precious, flow—his aspect wears
Serenely melancholy, as beseems
Heavenly, momentous, and eternal themes
His soul possessing ! Mercy now appears
To flow through Jesus in abundant streams !
Ah ! now vanish all his guilty fears !
A flood of penitential feeling flows,
He looks on Him whom he has pierced, and mourns ;
To God with tears and supplications turns ;
Heaven's thunders awed, but melted not, till LOVE,
Star of the Soul, beamed brightly from above !—
To Love his conquered soul adoring bows !

CHRIST'S AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

COMPOSED ON SEEING, AT A GENTLEMAN'S SEAT, A MAGNIFICENT
PAINTING ON THAT SUBJECT, BY CARACCI.

I.

Oh ! solemn scene of the Redeemer's woe !
Well hath the Painter's graphic power portrayed,
The dim recesses of the awful shade,
Which witnessed Christ's sore Agony ! And now
Evoked from the long perished past, in glow
Magnificent, of imagery made
Instinct with life ; my soul, what can'st thou know
Of that stupendous mystery, arrayed
In Fancy's finest form—thus pictured high ?—
Fitted by touches exquisite of art
To move the deepest feelings of the heart ?
The very Painting seems to breathe a sigh !
While each pale feature speaks its saddened part,
Caught from the anguish of the Sufferer's eye !

II.

Were sorrow of the human heart as deep,
As human feeling could conceive or bear,
Such woe is eloquently pictured there !
But, oh ! Man's deepest miseries that weep
Soft tears adown the cheek, in moisture steep
Nor lid nor lash of *those* deep eyes, on air
Upturned in looks of agony, that keep
Fixed gaze on Heaven, rapt in empassioned prayer!—
Mightier sorrows pressing him hath wrung,
Instead of softened tears, the crimson tide,
From the crushed heart within his heaving side !—
Big living drops, from the pure veins have sprung !
—But here the Pencil fails, and seeks to hide
The sacred Flood, in shades around it flung !

III.

Yon Seraph bright which midway cuts the sky,
Arrested seems in his fleet sweep of wing,
A radiancy of light and bliss to fling,
Around where deep and mystic shadows lie,
Nor human sympathy nor succour nigh !
What mighty solace, Seraph ! dost thou bring,
To strengthen Jesus in his agony,
Yielding sweet hope to which his heart may cling ?—
What heavenly consolations dost thou pour,
In rich effusion on his stricken soul,
While over him wild waves and billows roll ?—
What holy whispers breathed in that dread hour
Dost thou unfold ? Can these his woes control,
And cheer his heart by Heaven's sustaining power ?

IV.

While thus the scene so graphic may display,
Immanuel's human form, supremely dear,
In the deep Agony he suffered here ;
With its profoundest skill can it portray,
The inward anguish of his SOUL ? Oh ! say,
Can human art transcendent, paint the fear,
Which shook his spirit when the dread array,
Of terrors from the Throne Divine, drew near—
Wounded and bruised him 'neath his Father's frown ?
What pencil dipt in dyes of earth could trace,
The Deity that glowed in that pale face ;—
Sin's load which overwhelmed and weighed him
down ;—
His bosom's depths of rich and sovereign grace ;—
A world's redemption, and a Saviour's crown ?

V

His mournful attitude—his burdened breast,
May well evince the poignancies of woe,
Which o'er a hopeless human bosom flow,
Despairing of relief, or peace, or rest,
Save in the tranquil mansions of the blest !
But who from this deep hopelessness could know,
The mighty mercies of the Sinner's best
And kindest Friend, whose deep compassions flow,
With majesty immense, and power divine ?
Who can distinguish in this matchless face,
With its pale features mild and melting grace,
The Saviour of the lost, whose graces shine,
With boundless, bright transcendancy ? Who could
place
Eternal hopes on Painter's polished line ?

VI.

“Behold the Man !” said Pilate, crowned with thorns,
And robed in purple, mockery of woe,
Meek subject of the curse, alas ! how low !
“Behold the Man, a world ungrateful scorns !”
The Painter cries, while kindling art adorns
His tears—his anguish, and life’s crimson flow
From his pierced side, with tints that rival morn’s
Soft light and loveliness ! Can genius show
No more ? And is this all the saint can see
In **THEE**, oh ! Man of woe ? Is this the guise
Of grace transcendent, as its glories rise
Triumphant ? Great Adored !—thy Deity
Thy glory is ! Can light and shade of dies
Godhead express—Infinite Majesty ?

VII.

But Faith beholds bright marvels clustering here,
Expendng Deity for a lost world !—
Not as the mighty thunderbolt is hurled,
But as the still small voice so soft and clear,
Inviting rebel sinners to draw near.
Thus are the splendours of His grace unfurled
To the soul's eye, whilst holy hope and fear
Are breathed to Heaven, as incense odours curled
Of old, soft exhalations to the skies !
The cloud of gloom—the terrors of God's wrath
Which sunk Immanuel to the dust of death,
No Art can picture ! Let them therefore rise
Altared memorials in our earthly path,
Sweet in immaculate Omniscient eyes !

VIII.

It needs not, Blessed Saviour! tints as these,
In their soft beauty and surpassing skill,
The heart with deep adoring love to fill!
One look of faith, and lo, the spirit sees
Thy glory bodily, 'mid radiances
Of the Eternal throne. One tender thrill
Of pious feeling, from sweet reveries,
In which the soul loves to remember still,
The Man of Sorrows! One affecting thought
Of all the paths of mercy He hath led
These many days! Such influences shed
A potency and pathos, better fraught
With holy contemplation, than are spread
In forms sublimest by the Painter wrought!

THREE SCORE AND TEN.

BY MRS NEWTON.

"THREE SCORE AND TEN!"—man's numbered day,
How short it seems when passed away;
No doubting thought the mind deceives,
The sceptic this one truth believes.

Soon must the sod be thrown aside,
Where his own grave shall open wide;
The boldest shrinks to pass alone,
Through the dark vale, to worlds unknown.

Though he has wept, as years have fled,
Wife, children, numbered with the dead;
He, backward drawn, would lingering stay,
When health and strength have passed away.

I know I go;—'tis all I know!
Not knowing yet the path I go—
Where will it lead? Ah! who to me
Reveals the awful mystery!

When dust has claimed this mouldering clay,—
Its kindred, till the last great day :
Say, what's beyond ? and who are there
My new-born wanderings to share ?

With what new impulse shall I move ?
With what new feeling shall I love ?
No melody can reach the ear,
What strain shall then my spirit cheer ?

The dormant dust needs none to heal,
With what new feeling shall I feel ?
The millions who are gone before,
What are their greetings on that shore ?

Will kindred spirits words recal ?
Or, will a look reveal them all ?
Will kindnesses have pass'd away,
Or, kindle brighter in that day ?

Can a reproachful look impart
Remorse, to what is then the heart,
Darting remembrance of the past,
Like shadows when the sun's o'ercast ?

And whither do the myriads roam ?
In what new regions find a home ?
Unwearied by unnumbered hours,
Bask they in amaranthine bowers ?

Or do they glide, swift spirits bright,
Through the ethereal realms of light ?
O the dark veil that hides the scene !
O the dark vale that lies between !

I long the vast beyond to know,
Yet tremble through the gulf to go :
Is there no chart to guide me o'er
The sea, when nearing to that shore ?

O ! tell me where the soul shall have
Safe anchorage, beyond the grave !
No ! all desert me ; e'en my own
Ungrasp their hold :—I go alone.

So says the soul that turns aside
From the blest Word, her only guide ;
And fondly wishes that revealed,
Omnipotence itself hath sealed.

Or, pondering o'er the wondrous plan,
That Word reveals of love to man ;
Scanning the future,—her own sight
Dims with the glories of that light.

But there is One, so great and good,
He tracked the pathway with His blood !
Whose footsteps left so bright a ray,
None following can miss the way.

When difficulties rise between,
Then glimpses of His cross are seen ;
And soft His voice is heard to say :
“ I AM the TRUTH, the LIFE, the WAY.”

REPLY TO PRECEDING POEM.

ADDRESSED TO MRS NEWTON

"THREE SCORE AND TEN!" As perished dream
Does the fleet sweep of moments seem?
And do thy swift receding days,
Which shed around thee, first decays

Of beauty, paling on thy brow,
Remind thee that Life's journey now,
Is gently drawing to its close,
Like setting sun's benign repose,—

Disparting still expiring rays,
From buried brightness of his blaze,
Till, blending with the stars of even,
His light is lost in dies of Heaven?

Thus, in Life's tranquil, evening time,
When visions vast—immense—sublime,
Of an Eternity beyond,
Earth's mazy, dim, and narrow bound,—

Burst in their grandeur on the soul,
And living streams of glory roll—
Pouring the raptured bliss of Heaven,
In holy foretastes richly given ;—

Ah ! does thy spirit long for rest,
In the bright mansions of the blest ;—
To soar on fleet and holy wing—
To hear the lofty Seraphs sing ?

Or, sweeter far, to join the song
Of the triumphant—ransomed throng,
Whose deep adorings round Him meet—
Who cast their crowns at Jesus' feet ?—

And long to view within the skies,
Bright scenes concealed from mortal eyes ;—
And pierce the veil that lies between,
Where clouds and distance intervene ?

Do shadows of the gloomy vale,
And troubled thoughts and fears assail ?
Fear not !—He will be with thee there,
On wings of love thy spirit bear !

His arm is mighty to redeem ;
Jordan is now a smitten stream :
The waves before the Ark divide ;
Their swelling surges calm subside !

Yet loved and loving as thou art,
A thousand tendrils round thy heart,
May breathe the thought, or seem to say,
“ It is too soon to haste away ! ”

For, in thy form retiring prime,
Still mocks the ravages of time—
Imparting to thine aspect, trace
Of loveliness of form and face,—

Not marred, but mellowed in decline,
Where holy beauties mildly shine,—
The sweet expressiveness of love,
Which beams in kindred souls above.

Then stay and linger yet awhile,
To bless us with thy radiant smile ;
For ah ! our stricken hearts would bleed
To see Thee numbered with the dead.

Oh ! stay awhile, HIS heart to cheer,
Whose name * ten thousand hearts revere ;
Whom we behold, as angel fly
Winged with the Gospel, through the sky !

And when Life ends, thine eyes shall see,
In visions bright, revealed to thee,
All that thy longing soul desires,
When scenes of glory it inspires.

Transcendent bliss and glory bright,
And Faith's dim visions turned to sight ;
Hope in fruition finds repose,
And Love in lasting splendour glows.

Thine eyes unveiled shall see thy Lord,
By saint and seraphim adored ;
To whom thine ardent soul aspires
In hallowed, high, and rapt desires.

His glories bright—his matchless love,
Revealed in scenes of light above,
Majestic blaze around his throne,
And form his mild and starry zone.

* Rev. Dr Newton, the eminent Wesleyan divine.

Thy earnest spirit longs to know
What soft melodious measures flow,
'Mid yonder choirs, thy soul to cheer,
And charm thy rapt and listening ear.

What heart or tongue in heaven could be,
But sweet responsive melody,
When all the saints, in fullest swell,
Of Jesus' love and glory tell ?

This is the music round the Throne,
Now soft—now swelling in its tone ;
• Pouring sweet meltings o'er the soul,
And then in mighty torrents roll !

This is the music which thy Song,
In endless numbers shall prolong,
While thousand harps, in ardours high,
Echo God's praises in the sky !

THE PASSING BELL.

A beautiful custom prevails, in many of the rural districts of England, of tolling the church bell, in a soft and measured manner, during the last moments of dying persons. The object is to engage the prayers of the faithful for the departing soul. It was at Wrenbury, a village in Cheshire, on the occasion of the death of the Lord of the Manor, a young man, cut off in the vigour of life, that the writer first heard the singular and melancholy tones of the Passing Bell. Its effect, to a stranger, during sunset, of a quiet and lovely summer evening, was peculiarly striking and solemn.

'Tis Eve—the sinking of the sun
Betokens his career is run;
Yet still he sheds resplendent beams
O'er hill and valley—meads and streams,
E'en in decline, as sweetly seems
To claim admiring feelings high,
As when full splendour decks the sky—
Where bliss and brightness blended dwell,
Why sadly sounds “The Passing Bell?”

While all around the lovely scene,
The rich campaign of living green,

O'er scattered groups of lofty trees,
Scarce fluttering in the gentle breeze ;
O'er yonder hamlet's lowly homes ;—
O'er hall and manor's lofty domes ;—
O'er yellow meadows richly glowing,
Those sunny beams of Eve are flowing :—
While beauty brightens hill and dell,
Why sadly sounds "The Passing Bell?"

Amid the stillness of the hour,
The beauty of the sylvan bower,
Tired Nature sinks to placid rest,
Flowers—fruits reposing on her breast ;
Soft evening shades with deepening hue,
Blend with the pale sky's fading blue,—
Again that sound breaks on the ear
In melancholy cadence clear !
In measured music's deepest knell,
Thrills through the air "The Passing Bell!"

And fitting that its voice should be
Full of sweet mournful melody,—
While we press light the verdant sod,
A Soul is passing to its God !
Now, imaged scenes of woe arise,
Sad contrast to the glowing skies :

The darkened chamber—couch of death.
The final conflict—parting breath,
The sorrow of fond hearts bereaved,
The last adieus in anguish breathed,—
Of grief and tears, thine accents tell,
Thou sad, melodious “Passing Bell !”

The lingering sound thy tones assume,
Proclaim bright Manhood’s blighted bloom,
Its stately strength and noble form
Laid prostrate, as by mighty storm.
Life’s glow and gladness passed away,
Like dream of night at dawn of day ;
The lovely vision charmed the eye,
But as we gazed it flitted by,
And bright illumined fancies fell
Before thy warning, “Passing Bell !”

Oh ! let thy voice arrest the heart,
E’er yet the struggling soul depart,
In stilly hour of eventide,
By meadow fair, or river side ;
In curtained chamber, or in bower,
Bedecked with bright and lovely flower ;
In converse of the living room,
In sunny morn, or midnight gloom ;

Arrested by that sound in air,
Let heart and soul be breathed out there,
In earnest supplicating prayer!
Our aspirations, fleet as thought,
With holy love and pity fraught,
Shall pierce Heaven's wide and boundless space,
And reach Jehovah's dwelling place,—
And if in death, Faith's answer fell,
How blest thy voice, "Sweet Passing Bell!"

HYMN OF THE BLIND.

COMPOSED FOR A PIOUS BLIND FRIEND.

Hail ! holy Light ! in memory dwells,
A vision of thine image bright,—
Of past and perished bliss it tells,
When Heaven poured radiance on my sight :
The beauty of that vanished scene,
My darkened eyes can never see,
A dream of brightness that has been,
Is all that now remains to me !

Though darkness shrouds me, gentle beams
Of mercy cheer my clouded view ;
The love of Jesus, sweetly seems
To pierce the shadows deepest hue.
Can orbs imprisoned e'er control,
Heaven's holy effluence of light,
Poured in its richness on the soul,
To beam—and bless my spirit's sight ?

Nor loved familiar face, or form—
Nor glowing tints in beauties guise—
Nor ocean in its calm or storm—
Nor splendours of the starry skies ;
Not one illuminating spark,
Of living brightness can I see ;—
But Jesus shines where all is dark,
His glory is a sun to me !

And when I leave Earth's troubled scene,
His blessed and benignant love,
Bright 'mid the gloom my soul has seen,
Shall beam in cloudless bliss above.
Mine eyes shall then behold His face,
No night—no darkness then shall be,
The glories of His love and grace,
IN LIGHT shall be revealed to me !

LIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN.

[Melchthal, on receiving the intelligence that his father's eyes had been put out by order of the Governor, places his hands before his eyes, and remains silent for some minutes. He then turns from the one to the other, speaking tremulously, his voice suffocated with tears.]

Oh ! what a noble gift is heavenly Light,
That pours its splendours on Man's vivid eye !
All bliss and being spring from holy Light,
And all luxuriate in its bright domain.
To it all happy creatures joyous turn :—
The plants and flowers—the blushing blossoms, bend
To Light adoring, wrapt in joy profound !
But HE must sit in shadows—clouds, and woe—
In solitude, and ever-during night !
For *him*, no more returns springs softened sweets,
The glowing meadows pour no beauties forth—
The soft enamel of the lovely flower—
The purpled glaciers, he can ne'er behold !
To die is nothing—but to live *sightless*,

Ah ! that is anguish not to be expressed !
Why look on me so mute and mournfully ?
I have fresh eyes, beaming bright with youth,
But cannot to my blinded Father give
One single ray to cheer his sinking heart,
From Light's full ocean poured on me in vain,
Which penetrates, or blinds, or brightens,
With the full splendour of its potent rays !

HYMN OF THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER,
IN THE PROSPECT OF THE DEATH OF HER ONLY CHILD,
AND ON HIS RECOVERY.

"The only son of his mother, and she was a widow."

Oh God ! the dewy damps of death seem gathering
fast, . .

Over his pallid, cold, and marble brow,—
Each moment as it whispers by appears his last,
Faint—fainter grows his respiration now !
His eye once bright with mild intelligence is clouded,
Wandering and wild ;—
The sunny smile which lit thy blooming cheek is
shrouded,

In woe, my child !

Oh ! can it be, that Death, that dreaded foe, is near ?—
Are these his cruel harbingers foretelling,
Arrayed in solemn grandeur—awful gloom and fear,
Within the widowed Mother's lonely dwelling,

He comes !—to quench the one sweet, solitary ray
Which lightens it ;
From her dark lot to snatch the lingering star away
Which brightens it ?

Where art thou, oh ! my God ?—Art thou no longer
near ?

Dost thou not all my sad emergence know ?
Is thine ear heavy now ?—can it no longer hear ?
Have all thy deep compassions ceased to flow ?
My heart faints—fails !—break not the bending,
bruised reed,

Oh ! stay thy rod !
Forsake me not, in this my time of urgent need,
My God !—my God !

Of all the charities which fond affection cherished,
But one sweet gift of love, oh Lord ! was left—
My gentle child !—all other pleasant things had
perished,

Still this remained !—of all but this bereft ;
It bloomed around my lone heart like a fragrant
flower

In dreary wild,
Shedding sweet solace with a soft and holy power
As music mild !

And shall I see thy face and smile, my child, no more?

Shall darkness seal thy bright and beaming eye?

Shall thy sweet, joyous dream of Life be quickly o'er?

Thy lovely form in death's dread stillness lie?—

Oh! Thou that mak'st the storm a calm, sooth now
to rest

My rebel will!

Say to this sinking soul,—this trembling, beating
breast,

“Be still!—be still!”

Ah! whither is this young immortal spirit speeding,

Now struggling with its tenement of clay?

Is not its nature deeply stained with sin, and needing

The blood of Christ to wash its guilt away?

Else why this lovely form, now doomed, alas! to
death

And sad decay?—

Else why those pangs that rend the heart—that
flickering breath

Stealing away!

Oh! Thou that fold'st the lambs within thy holy arms,

And bearest on thy breast their infant forms,

Shielding their weakness from the loud and dread
alarms

Of mighty, mingled, and tumultuous storms,
With soft and heavenly accents blandly telling
Of grace and love,
To infant bands—with notes mellifluent swelling
The choirs above !—

Look down in tender pity on this cherished Child,—
Around him be Thine everlasting arms !
Thy Holy Spirit shed his glories bright and mild,
To save and shield him 'mid the last alarms !
Bear him on rapid sweep of angel's soaring wing,
To realms of light ;
Where his pure spirit shall Thy love triumphant sing
In glory bright !

Has Faith no grounds to rest on, while it cherishes
Anticipations high of heavenly bliss ?—
When Life with all its bloom and brightness perishes,
Must Hope too perish in the vast abyss ?
No,—God's eternal love—His covenant divine,
His grace reveals,—
While all the promises in which his mercies shine,
He sweetly seals.

Sweet thoughts ! which shed a holy and consoling
power,

Around this loved One's sad and lonely bed,
Like streams of light amid the heavy clouds which
lower,

In thick, portentous blackness o'er my head,—
His pulse now seems to flutter in expiring weak-
ness,—

I yield him up !

Oh ! aid, sustain me, Lord ! to drink with chastened
meekness,

This bitter cup !

His life is waning fast !—How pleasant it has been !
Adorned with every sweet and gentle charm !—
And still—one high behest of Heaven could change
the scene,

One mighty movement of God's outstretched arm !
His holy will be done ! 'Tis wisest—fittest—best !

Though clad with gloom ;

We may not doubt the Lord—the kindness of his
breast,

E'en at the tomb !

Methinks some softer—calmer breathings, even now,
Are gently soothing his deep heaving breast,—
A placid sweetness overspreads his pallid brow,
As warbler folds its wearied wing to rest ;

A faint, sad smile, like clouded radiance, softly
trembling,

Around him plays,
Imparting to his faded cheeks a charm resembling
His brighter days !

My fancy now can paint while thus serenely sleeping,
Pale marble beauty shining on his brow,
A seraph sent to cheer awhile my sad heart weeping,
O'er all its earth-born blessedness laid low ;
Lingering among the ruins still, the soft beam seems
Loath to depart,—
Now crowd, in sudden bliss, sweet hope's bright
dreams

Around my heart !

How calm and steady steals his light and airy breath,
Like gentle zether fanned by balmy air !—
Those smiles can never be the signs of dreaded Death,
That break and beam upon his forehead fair !
He wakes,—he lifts his eye, now calm and clear,—
he lives !

My rescued child !
Deep thanks my full heart pours to God, who suc-
cour gives

In Mercy mild !

FORGET ME NOT.

Behold, that little lovely Flower
Which softly blooms in sylvan bower,
And thus adorns the lonely spot,
That sweet Flower is—
“Forget me not.”

How meekly droops its azure head,
Upon its verdant summer bed!
Humbly it grows near lowly cot,
Yet seems to say,—
“Forget me not.”

And though no odorous perfume,
Blends with its unassuming bloom,
A very charm its name has got
Of sentiment!—
“Forget me not.”

Wide its eloquent name is known!
Around the globe its form has flown!
In every land—in every spot—
There grows a fond,
“Forget me not.”

Fair Flower! thou bloomest in the *heart*,
There, thou in all thy sweetness art!
What mind but breathes the gentle thought,
The tender wish,—
“Forget me not.”

What heart, whose hopes mayhap are perished,
But clings to joys once fondly cherished,
And thinks the world too dearly bought,
Unblessed by thee!—
“Forget me not.”

What manly spirit, banished far
To distant scenes of horrent War,
'Mid the wild conflict, fiercely fought,
But blends thy sigh!—
“Forget me not.”

In the Savannah's pathless plains,
'Where solitary vastness reigns;
In wanderer's heart—in exile's cot,
Thou hast a voice!—
“Forget me not.”

Bright early friendships, severed wide
By fortune's fluctuating tide,
'Mid ebb and flow of earthly lot,
Cherish unchanged,—

“Forget me not.”

Thy humble beauties and thy bloom,
Thou sheddest round the lonely Tomb,
The lost and lovely in that spot,
In silence breathe,—

“Forget me not.”

Nor only com'st thou softly stealing
With tender sentiment and feeling !
Some holier meanings thou hast got
Thou eloquent !—

“Forget me not.”

Nor only hast thou lovely dies,
Caught from the azure of the skies,—
With wisdom as with beauty fraught,
Thou lookest forth !—

“Forget me not.”

For you remind me, gentle Flower,
Of Jesus, full of love and power,
Whose humble, mean, and lowly lot
Resembled thine !—

“Forget me not.”

His sacred loveliness and grace
Adorned, nor rank nor lofty place ;
He sought a hidden, humble spot,
A sphere like thine !—

“ Forget me not.”

’Tis in the heart His beauties bloom,
Diffusing there a soft perfume,
A moral beauty without blot,
Like thy pure hues !—

“ Forget me not.”

Thus, simple Floweret of the field,
What heavenly lessons dost thou yield !—
The Saviour’s graces may be sought
In thy meek form !—

“ Forget me not.”

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

ON RECEIVING A BOUQUET OF RICH AND BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS,
ACCOMPANIED WITH AN INGENIOUS POETICAL EFFUSION
DESCRIPTIVE OF THE BLOOMING AND ELEGANT GIFT.

LAST Eve I received the Garland of Flowers,
Which friendship had culled from soft, fragrant bowers,
Mingling its beauties in fantasy fair,
The simple and sweet—the rich and the rare.

The language of Flowers has an utterance sweet!—
Can aught in the world in its beauty compete,
With the sentiment hid in the breast of a lily,—
The dark purple heath,—or the gay daffodilly?

High hopes in their spring-time are seen in the rose!
Exhaling its fragrance, in radiance its glows
In the smile of the sun—bright emblem of gladness!
As clouds are the symbols of mourning and sadness.

Bright hopes, like sweet Flowerets, in ruins oft lie,
When they fade in their beauty, languish, and die;
And tears in the dew-drops seem softly to weep,
O'er the lovely and lost, in Death's dreamless sleep.

But the Flowers' sweetest eloquence here chiefly lies,
When the scent of their sweetness—the tint of their
dies,

Recall to the gaze of the mind's ardent eye,
Some face or fair form, with the loveliest may vie.

When their delicate touches of beauty refined,
Portray the sweet charms of the rich, cultured mind ;
When their exquisite odours harmoniously blend,
And depict the rare virtues which beauty transcend.

How sweet, then, the gift of this Garland of Flowers,
Which gladdens and brightens my silent, lone hours,
And imparts to my Fancy its airiest wing,
As is seen, gentle Friend, in the strains that I sing.

Nor Fancy alone—but high, hallowed thoughts soar
To the great and beneficent God we adore,
Who with splendour has gemmed and girdled the sky,
And covered the earth with beauty's bright die.

Not in grandeur alone His power is arrayed,—
In the floweret's fair form it is also displayed ;
Nor yet in the forests of thousands of years,—
But e'en in this garland God's glory appears.

“NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.”

And thou art gone!—sweet Isabel!
Thy rising sun—ere yet
Meridian splendour crowned its course—
In Morn's bright glow hath set!
Ere yet the spring flowers in thy path
Had drooped their heads to die;
Or stars their lovely lustre lost,
Amid the blazing sky;

Ere yet the verdure of the plains
Which thy light footsteps pressed,
Its first fresh glow of living green
In paler tints had dressed;
Ere yet, in thy luxuriant bloom,
Our hearts had learned to know,
The fairest blossoms perish first
Beneath the chilling snow.

Thy lovely, yet too fragile form—

Fair, fleeting as the thread

Of the ethereal gossamer,

Upon its autumn bed—

Drooped pensively its gentle grace,

While storms in anger passed,

The Spirit of the tempest bore

Death in the bitter blast!

And now, sweet emblems of thy Youth!—

Spring's first-born flowerets wave

Their graceful forms around the spot

That marks thy early grave.

And there the sun smiles as it smiled

When, living, thou wast by,

But seems to mock the cherished hopes

Which now in ruins lie!

Yet hallowed is the lonely spot

Where thou art calmly sleeping;

Around that spot, bright Angel bands

A holy watch are keeping;

Till thy long, quiet, dreamless sleep,

By heaven's behest be broken,

And song and shout burst on thine ears

By Seraph voices spoken!

It is not Fancy thus invests
With hope thy touching story,
Nor love, indulging in the dreams
Of visionary glory.
But Faith in Christ, the living Rock,
And love serenely rest ;
And hope exulting, calm reclines
In triumph on his breast !

Nor only on thy life's bright close,
Hope tranquilly reposes ;
The survey of the cherished past
Sweet piety discloses.
Scenes past and perished still unfold
'Mong vanished visions fair,
The holy graces of thy youth
Benignly shining there.

Sweet faith, and joy, and gentle love,
Their radiance round thee shed,
Like halo round the lustrous moon,
In softened beauty spread.
Thus Faith a sacred fragrance pours
O'er life's sweet blighted bloom,
And hope illumines with radiant light
The dark and gloomy tomb.

THE SABBATH.

HAIL, blessed morning! Joyful day!
When earth, new born, quiescent lay,
In deep adoration of the Rest,
Creation's close,—Jehovah blest.
First Sabbath! Thou wast then the token
Of holy love and bliss unbroken!

Nor sin nor sully marred the scene,
Which slept in majesty serene,
Pure, peerless, beautiful, and bright,—
The vestibule of templed height,
Where orisons of guiltless Man,
In God's appointed form began.

Too soon, alas! that worship high
Was cast indignant from the sky!
Too soon, alas! that scene sublime
Received the dark impress of crime!
Man fell!—and when the Sabbath rose,
Lo, shades of death around it close.

But had it lost,—that day divine,—
 Its nature and its grand design ?
Had hellish power prevailed to wrest it
 From Man, for whom Jehovah blest it ?—
Unchanged, sweet Sabbath, even now
God's name beams on thy mitred brow.

Its holy rest, its sacred name,
 Its sanctities, were still the same ;
Its worship rites unaltered, save
 That bleeding sacrifices lave
Its altars, making pure the pyre,
As holy Eden's vestal fire.

Another garb invests its form ;
 But as the Earth amid the storm,
Which sheds its snows upon her face,
 Retains her pristine shape and grace,
With deeper meanings in its mode
Of symbol rite,—the Sabbath glowed.

Amid the dark and lowering clouds
 Which sin the universe enshrouds,
Soft beams of bliss illumine the sky,
 And, sacred as the nuptial tie
Still hallowed,—holy Sabbaths roll,
Shedding their radiance o'er the soul.

First ages past, their sanctions still
The days Sabbatical fulfil ;
Meridian light the dawn transcends,—
The incense-breathing cloud ascends,—
High pomp and pageantry sublime
Of worship, marks evolving time.

The victims bleed,—the altars blaze,—
Loud anthems hallelujahs raise,
In burning numbers from the lyre
Of David's rapt poetic fire,
By heaven enkindled on his tongue,
In lofty inspiration sung !

The splendid symbols pass away,
Which shone with bright, yet chasten'd ray ;
As beams within a fleecy cloud
Their dazzling loveliness enshroud
In veil of shadow,—softened whiteness,
That quickly moulding, melts to brightness.

Now bursts the bright transcendent Day,
When mystic rites are swept away,—
When Jesus rose and triumphed o'er
The grave, and death, and Satan's power :
Hail ! blessed resurrection Morn,
The Christian Sabbath now is born !

The Earth is hushed to deep repose,
To sanctify Redemption's close,
As when in holy pristine rest,
Creation slumbered on her breast.—
Come view the place where Jesus lay,
Then hail and bless that hallowed Day !

The oath to Abram is fulfilled,
And David's promised mercies yield
Abundant blessings, richer far
Than heart can wish or tongue declare ;
Jehovah's sacred will is done,—
His soul's delight rests in his Son.

Sweet Sabbath ! transcript fair of heaven,
As star's serenest ray at even,
It shines on earth's beclouded scene
Of sorrow, anguish, grief, and pain,
Potring a flood of holy light
O'er deepening shades of sombre night.

How many souls, since first its hours
Illumed and blessed fair Eden's bowers,
Have knelt in holy attitude,
Of deep adoring gratitude,
And wafted odours of their prayers
In incense clouds to seraph spheres !

How many aspirations high
Have since ascended to the sky,
Of saint or seer, in joy or sadness,
Who hailed the dawning Day of gladness,
When God doth with his children meet,
To commune at the mercy seat !

How many climes beneath the sun,
From Satan's dark dominion won,
Have owned and blessed its sacred sway,
In glad and simultaneous lay,
From ocean's fair and starry isles,
To torrid zone's resplendent smiles !

Oh, Scotia, the surpassing gem
Which sparkles in thy diadem,—
Which elevates thy queenly crest,
In majesty above the rest,—
In excellency brighter far,
Than perishable glories are,—

Is thy religion—graven on
Nor marbled fane, nor sculptured stone,—
But in a nation's heart enshrined
In rich entablature of mind,—
Embodied in the simple modes
Which mark thy worship's sacred codes !

Fair land ! zoned by eternal hills,
Where nature ceaselessly distils
Her rills and rivers sweeping past,
Deep valleys into shadow cast,
In all the mellowness of tint
Meridian rays on glades imprint.

'Mid these sweet scenes, in troublous times,
When Sabbath sanctities were crimes,
Assemblies of the saints oft met,
Where solitude's deep seal was set,
And ere the dawn's soft brilliance broke,
Zion's sweet songs the echoes woke !

The Past is perished, save the balm
Which, lingering, breathes in voiceless calm,
Like fragrant flowers of sweetness shed
O'er silent cities of the dead :
The Present steals on fleeting wings,
And o'er its path bright presage flings.

In the dim Future dawns the age,—
Prophetic theme of sacred page,—
When glories of Millennial day
Shall pour their mild, majestic ray,
And Sabbaths in resemblance blest
Shall image the eternal Rest ;

Till Earth's amazing scenes be o'er,—
Till wearied Time shall be no more,—
Till, like a mighty moving scroll,
In folding mass the heavens shall roll,—
Till earthly Sabbaths softly close,
Amid Eternity's repose.

Sweet day of rest and bliss above,—
Bright Sabbath of eternal love,—
Where beams of light from sapphired throne
Shall o'er the gladdened scene be thrown,
Where sparkling gems' effulgent dyes
Pillar the palace of the skies !

The tree of life its fruits shall yield,
And all the wounds of earth be healed ;
A Father's hand wipes every tear
Which flowed in ceaseless sorrow here ;
The saints shall see His face divine,—
His name shall on their foreheads shine.

No curse shall blight, no sin defile
The beauty of seraphic smile ;
No cloud bedim that world so fair,
Nor eyes behold a temple there ;
But visions beatific glow,
While streams of life for ever flow !

THE
TRIAL, DEFENCE, AND ACQUITTAL,
OF
THE SABBATH.

A Vision.*

THE TRIAL.

Once on a time, in meditative mood,
Spectator of Life's scene, methought I stood
In mid career of time, when wits were wise,
Scaling the boundless, battlemented skies ;—
And sweeping, with a vast expansive motion,
The crested concave of the stormy ocean ;
Exploring to their centre mighty hills,—
Diverging from their sources streams and rills,—
And bending to their purpose powers unknown,
In fire, in air, in water, earth, and stone ;

* Composed in reference to the desecration of the Sabbath by the running of railway trains, &c. &c.

In short, in skill and craft exceeding ages
Narrated in renowned historic pages !
Next, boldly zealous in the world's reform,
They thought of taking CERTAIN LAWS by storm,
Which, in a round of weary, wonted ways,
Had circled Time since dawned primeval days ;
Manners and modes, and institutions, too,
They now resolved to raze, and model new,
Both human and divine, in one grand sweep
Of vast contrivance,—counsel sage and deep !
But wishing to be just, though on the brink
Of doom determined, yet they could not think
Of seeming in the matter overbearing,—
Condemning usages without a hearing,
Revered from age, if nothing else demanded
The universal homage they commanded !
And first, in honour of her lofty birth,
Though now her claims were much despised on
earth,
And, on account of long and ancient sway,
They summoned to their bar the SABBATH DAY ;
Wisely foreseeing, were her queenly crown
Once tarnished in its beauty,—once cast down,
And torn and trampled under foot of men,—
The lesser dignities would follow then,

And mere moralities, as things of course,
Would languish at their life's impeded source.

The Sabbath thus a criminal arraigned,
Her sacred royalties and rights profaned,
Appeared in wounded majesty of mien,
Meek, yet unawed, amid the motley scene
Of judges, people, magistrates, arrayed
In pomp and dignity of power displayed ;
Rich ermined robes, — the sceptre, sword, and
mace,—

All glowing in one bright effulgent blaze,
Commingle with the coroneted leaves
Of honorary green, the bright bay weaves
Around the brows of high illumined men,
Who wield the gifted pencil and the pen.
In midst of this assemblage of the great
The Sabbath stood, arrayed in simple state
Of native loveliness and queenly grace,
Pourtrayed in her majestic form and face ;
Composed her bearing, though her brow was
clouded,

And wonted smiles in veil of grief were shrouded.
Still her soft eye beamed the serenest rays,
That ever lent the brightness of their blaze,

With its rich effluence to fill the earth,
Since the glad morning of her sacred birth.
Her graceful form was robed in dazzling white,
Which flowed around her like soft clouds of light ;
And thus in Heaven's rich loveliness arrayed,
Deeply impressed, yet calm and undismayed,
She stood attentive as the charge began,
Which thus in solemn allegation ran :—

“ We charge thee, Sabbath, with usurped dominion
O'er ages of intelligent opinion ;
Usurped, because prolonged, since now 'tis owned
In Eden's blighted bowers thou wast dethroned ;
And, notwithstanding these events ill-starred,
Which God's wise plans and whole procedure marred,
With primitive assumptions, high and holy,
Plainly preferred on thine own warrant solely,
Thou still claim'st fealties from our fallen race ;
With rigid air and sanctimonious grace,
Wresting a vast amount of precious time
From Man's existence, for the mere sublime,—
High visionary dreamings of the soul,
Like vapour mists on mountain brow, which roll
In scattered mass before the ardent glow,—
The light,—the loveliness,—the streaming flow

Of bright intelligence, which now prevails,
Dispelling all thy legendary tales !
We are disposed in reason to conform
To Thy demands in mitigated form,
Such as obtains in intellectual France,
Where blend devotion, drama, and the dance,
In harmony delightful ; or the climes,
Still bearing impress of immortal times
Of Luther, Calvin,—men who never thought
Of advocating theories as taught
By Thee for ages in this shackled land,
Too long submissive to thy stern command,
Prohibiting delights of every kind
Not strictly sacred—ruder or refined !
In solemn ordinance of prayer and praise
Thy weary services employ the days,—
The One in seven the poor man loves to spend
Amid sweet Nature's lovely scenes, which lend
A brief enchantment to his weary life
Of toil and trouble, poverty and strife !
We cannot travel by the fleet-winged Rail,
Though distant cities send a melting wail
Of sudden sorrow or approaching death :
In vain we wish to catch life's parting breath ;
Or visit the abode of some dear friend,
To whom our wishes and affections bend

More warm and tender on the very Day
Which thus compels our hard and hated stay !

We then impeach thee of malign intent
On Man's unfettered freedom and content,
By claim of right Divine,—by cunning stories
Of supernatural, celestial glories :
The rich debarring from a passing pleasure,—
The poor depriving of a little leisure.
In fine, by open and avowed intentions
Of yet accomplishing thy proud pretensions,
Till subjugated worlds shall own thy sway,
And hail, as regnant queen, the Sabbath Day."

THE DEFENCE.

The high impeachment has been read, and now,
The Sabbath, with an animated glow
Of high and holy courage in her look,
Defence in her own person undertook.

" Small is the portion of man's time," she said,
" That claims of Mine wrest from his chequered shred
Of earthly life ! A seventh part of the whole
Spent in the care of his immortal soul !

In that brief moment, as it whispers by,
What mighty, all momentous interests lie !
That little speck of time within its breast
Contains the germs of bright eternal rest,
Or endless turbulence of anguished woe,
'Mid the dark horrors of the shades below !
In deep compassion to the soul of man
I woo him, therefore, to devote the span
Of consecrated time which God has given,
The pledge and prelude of the bliss of Heaven
Nature is beautiful, and never more
Than, when the six days worldly toils are o'er,
The Day of Rest in bliss and brightness glows
Upon her deep and undisturbed repose !—
Scenes exquisitely fair then softened seem,
The transcript image of celestial dream !
But I have seen such scenes with beauty graced,
Like some fair countenance by sin defaced,
Its pure and smiling innocence flown,
And all its radiancy of glory gone !
Soiled are the vales' soft verdure, by the tread
Of teeming thousands from the cities spread,
O'er England's broad and beautiful domains,
Where now, alas ! no holy Sabbath reigns !
Rude pastimes of the poor her Rest has broken,
And coming shadows of the night betoken,

Her cherished sanctities are banished far,
Her pure religion seems a falling star !

An exile and a wanderer round the world,
With royal ensign of my claims unfurled,
Weary and worn, and travel-soiled, I sought
A sweet asylum in some sheltered spot.
On Scotland's bleak and sullen shores I found
A resting-place denied by countries crowned
With fairer scenes—where gentler breezes blow
Diffusing balm,—and richer beauties glow
Beneath the sunny light of purer skies,
Bedipt in Heaven's own soft cerulian dyes !
A ruder scene—a lonely sea-girt Isle—
Received me with a glad benignant smile.
Sacred Iona ! where effulgent shone
The light of truth for centuries alone ;
Like star upon the breast of ocean vast,
Which soft and solitary glory cast
Upon surrounding darkness of the deep,
Profoundly wrapt in midnight's stilly sleep !
There I diffused the blessings of my sway,
Till southern climes* caught the pellucid ray,
Pouring its splendours from the sacred light
Which beamed in boreal skies 'mid error's night.

* It was from Iona that the light of Divine truth emanated to England.

The spreading land, the mist-crowned mountain brow
Of Scotland's soil became my dwelling now.
I loved its cities and its peopled vales,
Where high integrity of truth prevails,—
Where ardent piety its impulse gives
To every noble principle that lives !
Honoured and loved in this serene abode,
How sweet the Sabbath worship of their God
To holy hearts attuned to sing his praise,—
To meditate on all his wondrous ways,—
His dealings with his people,—His rich grace,
In its deep tenderness of love, to trace
Through varied shiftings of Life's troubled scene,—
Its shade and sunshine—storm and deep serene,
Till chequered changes of their lot, Faith eyes
In bright design unfolded in the skies !
No child of God but loved the holy calm
Diffused thus on his soul,—as steals the balm
In fragrance odorous from breathing flowers,
Weeping in early dawn's refreshing showers !

Cast not a stigma on the mighty dead,
Nor slight nor sully on their honour shed,—
Luther and Calvin,—master minds who swayed
The destinies of nations,—now arrayed

In dazzling glories of the upper world,
As wont, indignant thunderings had hurled
On foul calumniators of their names,
Could anger mingle with celestial flames
Of love,—the holy, pure, ethereal air
Which breathes and burns in quenchless ardour there !
Or could a sigh blend with the bliss of heaven,
That sigh for banished sanctities were given ;
Or could a tear bedim their eyes, that tear,
Distilled above, would drop in sorrow here,
To view, impeached, the blessed Day of Rest,
Once the assuager of their troubled breast,
'Mid Earth's wild dash of cares, now past and perished,
But still in holy recollection cherished !

And shall it be, that I am driven hence,
Removed each landmark, and each sacred fence,
Which ages' holy habitudes have thrown
Their glorious mantle of memorial on ?
So let it be ! divided sway I scorn !
For universal empire was I born ;
My claims are high and holy ; my demands
Bear seal and sanction of Divine commands,
Enduring,—till, in consummation bright,
Earth's setting scenes are bathed in parting light,

Of verging close :—then shall I wing my way
Back to the bosom of eternal day ! ”

THE ACQUITTAL.

The Sabbath ended, and a silence deep,
Breathless and awful as the grave's still sleep,
Succeeded her appeal, whose accents fell
Like heavenly music's soft expiring swell.
All eyes now rested on the judgment seat,
Invested with the solemn grandeur meet
The grave, august occasion. On that throne,
Arrayed in robes of flowing light, sat One
Whose venerable aspect, placid brow,
Majestic form, and locks of purest snow,
Seemed to display the attributes sublime
Of blended love, and justice due to crime.
His penetrating eye beamed strangely bright,
As fired with rays of pure, ethereal light,
Blent with such holy sweetness in his mien
As earthly eyes before had never seen !
His name was HALE ; and murmuring whispers ran
That he was Angel in the form of Man ;
Or spirit pure from scenes of sacred rest,
In robes of light had mingled with the blest.

Anon, and every beating heart was thrilled,
When the rich cadence of his accents filled
The vast assemblage with its mellow sound,
Reverberating in the calm profound,
As diapason deep, 'mid silent walls,
In fullest melody of concord falls ;
And as he spoke, each living—burning word
Seemed intonation of celestial chord.

“The Sabbath clearly hath adduced her plea ;
To sum and search its truth now falls to me.
It is, as she hath said, a truth divine,
That Time is measured by the sacred line
Of Heaven's command, that lends the little span
Of Life's momentous interval to man—
Demanding, as God's high and moral claim,
A portion consecrated to his name.
By precept positive, and high behest,
He limited the Day of holy rest
To one in seven ; and named it from above
'THE SABBATH,' seal and symbol of his love !
And e'en 'mid sin's sad forfeiture of claim,
Her bright design—her blessings, are the same :
More bright she shines when all around is dark,
Like midnight star's illuminating spark,

To abrogate God's holy Day, or change
Its sanctions, is beyond the highest range
Of human intellect, control, or power,
Created delegate for one brief hour
Of transient time, like single drop in ocean,
Dashed up in air by its tumultuous motion,
To sparkle for a moment in the sun,
And sink e'er scarce its sparkle had begun.
Nor hath Man liberty to spend the hours
Devote to God, amid the brightest bowers
That Nature in her beautiful retreats,
E'er rendered odorate with scented sweets,
Or decorated by her varied powers,
With loveliness of foliage and of flowers ;—
Unless at dewy dawn, or eventide,
Like Isaac, he may meditate beside
Some spot of earthly beauty, while he eyes
The covenant Jehovah in the skies,
Spread out like curtains o'er the cradled earth,—
The scene impressive of Man's mortal birth,—
His troubled dream of life,—its final close,—
And the deep stillness of his last repose,—
Where once again embodied he shall stand,
A witness of the consummation grand
Of all the mighty things of Earth and Time
Submerged into Eternity sublime !

God frowns upon the efforts vainly spent,
At sacred times for higher purpose lent,
In acquisition of sin-sullied gold,—
The price of sacred privileges sold,—
Too costly purchased, though the world were gained,
By holy Sabbaths slighted or profaned !
Riches unblest take to them rapid wings,
And penury its tattered mantle flings
Around the wasted form and sad decays
Of spendthrift of Life's brief and precious days,
Until unhonoured—undesired, he dies,
And in a scentless grave forgotten lies.
But sweet prosperity its genial smile
Throws over toils remitted for a while,
In glad submissiveness of soul, expressed
By love and honour of God's Day of Rest.
Nor dream nor fable is this theme sublime ;—
Now habitant of a celestial clime,
Yet once I mingled in the scenes of Earth,
Shared in its toils, its mourning, and its mirth,—
Its busy cares, its conflicts, hopes, and fears,
Its blended clouds and sunshine, smiles and tears ;
And in the vista of the perished past,
In splendours now of unveiled vision cast,
Sweet recollection still with ardour clings
To former reverence for sacred things.

The Sabbath day supreme ! as cause confessed
Of fame and affluence, which richly blest
Mine earthly lot !

Mine eyes have scanned Time's page
In varied phase through each succeeding age,—
Life's mighty movements,—its eventful scenes,
And the soft colouring which intervenes
Of sweet domestic sympathies and love,
The smiling blue which breaks the clouds
above,—

The gentler swell of feelings in the soul,
Like skirting waters of the deep, which roll
Their peaceful ripples on the strand of life,
While far beyond the sunny edge is strife,
Wild heaving billows and tumultuous storms,
Sweeping around in dark terrific forms ;—
And I bear witness that the Day of Rest
In ALL, is guiding star, divine and blest,—
Earth's choicest blessings with celestial blending
In richest confluence from Heaven descending ;—
All holy men of every age and clime,
To present cycle of eventful time,
In courtly dwelling or in lowly cot—
In deep turmoil, serenity of lot—
Transcendent genius and profoundest thought
Commanding empire—or unknown, unsought,

In humble, unassuming worth of soul,—
All, their concurrent testimonies roll,
In mighty mass of evidence complete,
To bless the Sabbath day, divine and sweet,
As dear and precious to their souls' desires,
Enkindled at her bright celestial fires!

Jurors ! empannelled by your country's laws,
To give adjudgment in this sacred cause,
I charge you, as you value Truth's fair fame,
And pure religion's high and holy claim,
As you shall answer to the Judge divine,
At his great white Throne, where his glories shine,
Enrobed in majesty and splendours bright
Ineffable, of pure transcendent light
Return true verdict for his holy Day,—
Acknowledge, vindicate her sovereign sway,—
Her innocence declare,—her rights proclaim,—
And clear the spotless glory of her name ! ”

Methought, when this was uttered, as inspired
With the same lofty sentiments that fired
The spirit of the Judge, the Jury rose,
In presence of assembled friends and foes,—
The latter awed to silence as by spell,—
That o'er their conscience smitten, trembling fell,—

And to a man the judgment voice accords
In verdict of Acquittal !

When the words
“Not guilty,” with a noble truth were spoken,
The silence of the multitude was broken,
And one loud shout of rapturous joy expressed
The godlike sentiments that stirred their breast,
Swelling in plaudits, which re-echoed high,
As if the shout of Angels swept the sky,
Blending symphonious with the joy of Earth,
As when the morning stars sang of her birth,—
“The Sabbath day was blest by God for Man,
So blest, and blessing, let her still remain !”

THE CATARACT,
A MOUNTAIN SCENE IN BRAEMAR

It was a scene of wondrous beauty—wild,
And all untrammelled in its aspects grand
By Art's trim touch, which often has beguiled
Sweet Nature of the castings of her hand,
Thrown of with easy effort, rude or bland,
As fancy pleased to mould a rugged form
Or paint a lovely landscape, and command
Her plastic powers, as in the calm or storm
To her unerring skill the elements conform.

Up the wild glen, dark fringing either side,
Crept the thick birchwood on the rocky steep,
Whose rich and clustering foliage sought to hide,
In arching canopy, the rapid leap
Of the rude mountain Waters, dark and deep.
Through woods umbrageous the loud, moaning
sound
Ascended sullenly, and seemed to weep,

E'en with its coronet of verdure crowned,
Wild gushing tears, in secret cells, beneath the
ground.

The shadows deepen, as the mountain dell,
Steep upon steep, winds wildly in ascent ;
Whilst the glad sun, whose glances erewhile fell
Through openings of the trees, and brightness blent
With gloom, withdrew the lustre he had lent.
Sounds, like advancing thunders, pealing come
Athwart the air, as if the rocks were rent ;—
When lo ! the Cataract's white, feathery foam
Bursts on the sight, dashing from its wild mountain
dome !

Nor rudely did the rushing Torrent bound,
But gently curving with a graceful sweep,
Down the steep rocks which girdled it around,
It took its measured and majestic leap,
To the dark waters of the yawning deep,
Whose blackness dense is softened by the cloud
Of hazy sprays, which upwards slowly creep,
O'ershadowing, with their white and streamy shroud,
The terrible Abyss, pealing its thunders loud !

Above—below—how wild the scene disclosed !
Stupendous—awful—solemn as the grave !
Grandeur in solitary gloom reposed
In that lone chamber of the mountain wave ;
Its dark and rugged walls whose waters lave
Or lash, in rude and sullen gusts of wrath,
As brooking ill the confines of the cave
Which bound the headlong Torrent in its path,
Of fiercely sweeping ravage and remorseless death !

BALMORAL,

HIGHLAND RESIDENCE OF THE QUEEN, AND SURROUNDING
SCENERY.

Sweet Highland glen ! embosomed 'mong the hills,
Which heave their lofty summits to the skies,
Amid thy deep repose which passion stills
A charm sublime blended with beauty lies,
Bedipt in Heaven's deep blue and sunny dies !
How mingled are thy scenes of light and shade !—
Now bursts the furious tempest, and now sighs
The gentle breeze adown thy lovely glade,
Which smiles 'mid tears that linger when the storm
is staid.


Wild roll the mists around the mountain brow
In forms fantastic, or in graceful mould
Of palace, or of pyramid of snow,
In shape symmetrical and outline bold,
As towered some stately edifice of old ;
But quick dissolving like a morning dream,
Before the sun's bright glances tipped with gold,

The splendid structures vanished, nor did seem
Aught which a breath before our wondering eyes did
deem !

Here sleeps the Lake in majesty serene,
Fair Calater, whose waters lave the base
Of Lochnagar, proud Monarch of the scene
Of mountain battlements, which silent raise
Their massive forms amid the mighty maze,
Of vast and varied scenery around,
Now bathed in sunshine and now lost in haze !
Fair scenes ! with glow and gloom alternate crowned,
Can sweeter spots on Earth or lovelier be found ?

Here, scorning its first weakness, beauteous Dee
Expands into the deep majestic stream,
Receiving, in its wanderings to the sea,
Its tributary rivulets, which seem
Bright, silver tracings in the proud rock's gleam :—
Like marvellous creation of a dream
Or scene enchanted—the broad River shines
In dazzling loveliness, fringed by dark mountain pines.

Here, buried in the depths of a soft vale,
Sunny and glowing in the broad profound,
While mountains guard it from the stormy gale,
A Palace, like some scene of fairy ground—



Splendid and gay, as bright illusion found
In Poet's dream, bursts on the raptured sight :
Nor Fancy's picture this, but vision crowned
With poetry of life, in brilliant hue,
And forms delightful—tender—beautiful, and true !

In this lone mountain valley, England's Queen
Hath formed her loved retirement. Oh ! how
sweet—

Absent and distant from the busy scene
Of regal grandeurs, in this calm retreat,
Where Nature's beauty and sublimeness meet,
Here to indulge the meditative thought ;
Here to erect love's chosen household seat—
Enjoy its charities—its bliss unbought—
The deep and dear delight from cherished converse
caught !

Nor her own pleasant palace, but the cot
Of Scotland's humble worth—that Presence high,
All unabsorbed and kind in her bright lot,
Oft graces with its gentle dignity ;—
For here Life's deeper streams her thoughts descry.
Oh ! that the piety of Scotland, deep
As unobtrusive,—and the sanctity

Of her sweet Sabbaths, would around her keep
Their brightest influence—her soul their blessings
reap!

Land of the Mountains! ruder scenes have passed
In feudal times among thy rocky keeps,
Than conflicts of the elemental blast,
As on its car of storm it wildly sweeps
Around thy summits and presumptuous steeps!
How oft have human passions, fiercer far,
Disturbed the deep solemnity which sleeps
Beneath thy giant shadows, where dread War
Is voiceless now from dewy dawn to eve's bright
star.

How sweet on Sabbath morn to hear the song
Of Zion's worshippers, amid the hush
Of Nature's soft repose, while hills prolong
The sacred echoes, blending with the gush
Of rock-strewn waters,—or the rapid rush
Of mountain torrents from their rocky beds,
O'ershadowed and empurpled by the blush
Of waving heath, crowned with its starry heads,
Which a bright, boundless ocean of dark blossoms
sheds!

Beneath yon mighty Mountain, where repose
Eternal snows upon its hoary head,
While nearer earth a softer beauty glows,
Of verdure, and of tender wild flowers spread,
In rich profusion on their sterile bed—
Behold a worshipping Assembly met,
In lone sheepfold,* to hear the precepts read
Of holy Writ, while round the scene are set,
High wooded hills, like temple's crowning minaret!

Not proud Cathedral with its fretted aisles
And lofty dome, can equal Nature's halls
Of holy worship, radiant with smiles
Of Deity,—resplendent on the walls
Of mountain majesty,—where often falls
The triple rainbow, with its gorgeous crests
Of rich and blended beauty, which recalls
God's holy Covenant, and manifests
His love, which as its symbol, on the earth still rests.

He setteth fast the everlasting hills
By his Almighty strength!—Emblems they are
Of his own dark Infinitude, which fills
All being with its boundlessness, and far

* At Ballater, where a site for a Free Church was refused till lately, when it was granted by a neighbouring proprietor.

Transcends angelic thought! What tongue declare
His vast stupendous power!—Images grand

Of his immutable and matchless care,
Around His people hidden in His hand,
Like these sweet Valleys girdled by the Mountain
land!

LOVE'S ORPHAN HOME.

COMPOSED ON VISITING SHERIFF WATSON'S FEMALE INDUSTRIAL
SCHOOL, ABERDEEN.

Asylum of Earth's outcast ones,
Blest be thy sheltering walls,
Where heavenly Mercy's purest ray
In holy beauty falls !

As softened beam of Eve which robes
In gorgeous glow the cot,
With hues of borrowed brilliancy
Embellishing the spot—

A sweet, benign benevolence
Irradiates thy home
Of humble structure—brighter far
Than gilds the pompous dome !

Divinely beautiful the sight,
Those gentle beaming faces,
Of Female childhood snatched from ill,
Youth's loveliness effaces !

Tender compassions swell the breast,
Commingle feelings rise,
As looking round we meet the gaze
Of sweet and smiling eyes—

Eyes, haply once 'mid darker scenes,
Shed wild malignant light
Of passions fierce, which mar not now
Looks innocently bright!

And lips that learned the oath and curse—
The scorn of sacred things,
Which over Life's wide moral waste
Death's sable mantle flings.

Such lips now pour in sacred notes
The soft mellifluous hymn,
And songs which form the lofty theme
Of mighty Cherubim!

From mouth of babes and sucklings flow
Hosannas' melting strains—
From infant tongues in feeble tones
God perfect strength ordains.

The love of God through Jesus shed
To sinful, guilty man—
Truth's simplest, but its grandest theme—
Redemption's mighty plan.

The word of Christ, so sweet, so rich,
They con with holy care—
While here the Spirit for himself
A temple does prepare.

•
The cloud of heavenly witnesses,
Who hallowed ancient time,
With holy graces—crowning now
Eternity sublime.—

And Jesus Christ, the Great Adored
They learn to fear and love,
And follow in his path of light
To scenes of bliss above.

Such are the sacred themes attract
Earth's solitary child,
And with celestial impress stamp
Her features sweet and mild.

Her cheek, which squalid want had paled
To premature decay,
Now wears the rounded mould of health—
Sweet beauties mantling play.

And neat, though humble, robes assume
The tattered garments' place,
Nor rich array, nor jewelled crown,
A nobler purpose grace.

Selectest spot of Mercy's realm,
Like heaven on earth thou seemest
Clad with the graces of the skies,
Celestial thou beamest!

Oh, ever thus to thy soft home,
With charities serene,
Gather the wandering Outcast ones
Of Earth's dark troubled scene.

And lead them with an earnest aim
To brighter realms above;
Then richly blest thy sacred toils,
Thou Orphan-home of love!

ETTRICK AND YARROW.

Suggested on recovery from illness, by the sweet and delightful influence of Nature, clad in all its summer loveliness and splendour, and written at Ettrick Bank, the beautiful residence of my friend, Mrs SCOTT, situated on the banks of the sweet and classic stream from which it takes its name.

And do I feel once more the breeze
Fanning my fevered brow,
And hear its music 'mong the trees,
And breathe its sweetness now ?
Oh ! fresh as Hope these gentle airs,
Which nerve my languid form,
And bright the aspect Nature wears—
Like sunshine after storm !

How sweet ! my Friend, thy fragrant bowers,
Nestled 'mong verdant glades,
Where mingled hues of beauteous flowers
Adorn the sylvan shades.
As haven to the storm-tost bark—
As rest to pilgrim weary—
As meteor-gleam amid the dark—
As stream in desert dreary—

So sweet, so soothing, and so fair,
Seem thy soft bowers to me !
Where sinking strength and heavy care
Breathe rest and remedy.
Ah ! naught on earth the rapture gives
Which Nature's scenes impart,
When Hope expiring sweetly lives,
And cheers the drooping heart !

The verdure wears a fresher tinge,
The flowers a fairer hue,
The trees display a richer fringe,
The sky a deeper blue !
The scene enchantment seems to borrow
From Ettrick's classic stream ;
While cot and tower on Vale of Yarrow
With ancient memories beam.

And lovely—lone St Mary's lake,
'Mong circling hills extended,
Seems loath with rippling wave to break,
Deep calm with beauty blended ;—
Here oft the whispers of the breeze
Assume an awful form,
And fancy in the tempest sees
The Spirit of the storm !

Beyond, the green and lofty mountains
Burst on the ravished sight,
With store of azure floods and fountains,
Sparkling in sunny light !
Yet, once these mountain solitudes
Formed Exiles' drear abode,
When Nature in her wildest moods,
Frowned forth in storm and cloud.

Sweet hallowed scenes, to memory dear,
Where honoured blood was shed,—
Beneath the turf lie buried here,
Scotland ! thy Martyred Dead !
Each crag,—each cairn reveals the story,
How Martyr perished there,
Which o'er the lone spot sheds a glory
Hallowed by sorrow's tear !

Why throbs my heart amid these scenes,
As in some holy place,—
The Martyrs' blood flows in my veins,—
Proud ancestry to trace !
The very turf is therefore dear
Which covers their repose,
And soft and duteous is the tear
Which o'er their wild grave flows !

P R O V I D E N C E.

SUGGESTED BY REFLECTIONS ON THE CHARACTER OF GOD, AS
DISPLAYED IN HIS DEALINGS TOWARDS HIS PEOPLE.

The mingled scenes of light and shade
Which chequer human lot,
Even in their blending quickly fade,
And vanished,—are forgot.
Oh ! Lord, 'tis thine unerring skill
That guides our varied days ;—
Then teach our hearts to scan thy will,—
Thy deep, mysterious ways.

Why dost thou ride upon the storm,
And then command a calm,
Appear in sickness' withering form,
Then deal a healing balm ?
Or, wrapt in sombre robe, conceal
The Earth from ardent view,
And soon its varied charms reveal
In beauty bright and new ?

Oh ! why, sweet Youth's bright morning dreams,
Its visions crowned with bliss,
Dost thou becloud—these sunny gleams !—
With blight and bitterness ?
Why hid'st thou in the lonely tomb
Some dear and cherished form,
And shroud our hopes in death's deep gloom,
In darkness and in storm ?

Why dost thou cause some trusted arm,
On which we loved to rest,
As panoply to shield from harm,
Possess a faithless breast ?
And those we loved grow cold and strange,
As summer flowerets die !
And friendship's ardent feelings change,
Beneath a wintry sky ?

Ah ! is it not to bend the heart,
Submissive, Lord, to thee ;
Sweet peace and holiness impart,
And bless the suppliant knee ?—
To mortify the seeds of sin,
Dark growth of mortal sowing !
To quench the evil sparks within,
Latent, yet ever glowing ?

To wean the spirit from the strife,—
The busy, shadowy dream,—
The sunshine and the shade of life,
Which mingled mockeries seem?—
To elevate the sinking soul
Above this spot of earth,
Beyond where starry systems roll,
To Him who gave them birth?—

To fix the fond affections high,
Where love was never slighted,
Nor dropped a tear, nor heaved a sigh,
Nor felt its feelings blighted?
To rest the hopes once fondly cherished,
On Him whose name is Love,
Hopes faded here, joys past and perished,
Shall live and bloom above.

God of our life's afflicted days!
Our Husband,—Father,—Friend!
Chequered and strange have been thy ways,
As clouds with sunshine blend.
Still some bright rays within the cloud
Beam with delightful meaning,
And seem to say, in accents loud,
“ All is but evil seeming ! ”

The tempest carries in its breast
Sweet showers of copious blessing,
When its wild rage is soothed to rest,
The fields and flowers refreshing ;
The whirlwind, stately child of storm,
With fierce and furious breath,
Sweeps from the Earth each tainted form,
Of foul, impestuous death !

And thus, shall we not meekly view
The dealings of high Heaven,
Though oftentimes clad in sombre hue,
Though oft in thunders given,—
As tokens of the needed rod,
As music to our ears,
As whispers of the love of God,
As voice to calm our fears !

And taught, that hope and bliss below
Are fair, but fleeting dreams,—
That bitter waters fully flow
From all our pleasant streams ;
Oh ! may our aspirations rise
To scenes of heavenly gladness,
To joys ecstasie in the skies,
Unstained with earthly sadness !

L I N E S.

WRITTEN IN A DIAMOND COPY OF "SCRIPTURE PROMISES."

Sweet Seedling of the Word of God !

Blest be thy tiny pages,
Bearing a soft and precious balm,
Which grief and pain assuages.

Pure essence of celestial truth !

Distilled as dew from Heaven—
As rain upon the tender herb,
Which softly falls at even !

Selectest gems from Mercy's crown !

Illume with ray serene,
The troubled soul that turns to thee,
From Earth's tumultuous scene.

Impart with vivid power and light,

Gleams,—visions of bright bliss,—
Sweet glimpses of the Love which heals
Life's blight and bitterness.

Then not unblest thy still, small voice,
 Sweet messenger of Love,—
 When fainting hearts are raised by thee,
 To brighter realms above!

THE DEAD CHILD.

A gentleman returning from abroad, on his arrival home, found that his only child, a lovely and promising boy, had just expired, after a short and sudden illness.

"As one that mourneth for his only child, and as one that is in bitterness for his first born."

I little thought, my darling boy !
When to my heart I pressed thee,
And blending with my sighs, "farewell,"
With ardent love caressed thee ;—
'Twould be our last adieu on earth,
Thy latest breathing kiss !
We meet again !—but, ah, my child !
A bitter meeting this.

I see thee in the vanished scene,
Thine infant form is there ;
Thy cherub face—thy chiselled cheek,
And thy bright, flowing hair.

And still thou hast but scarcely lost
The beauty of thy brow ;
Thy features as they wont to smile
In sleep, seem smiling now !

But yet thou art not now the same,
Though lovely still thou art !
I clasp thee—but no pulse responds
The beating of my heart.
All pale and cold, thy marble face
Before me lifeless lies,
And motionless the buoyant form
That danced before my eyes.

Thy bright blue eye is closed in death,
Thy merry laugh is o'er !
Thy thousand winning ways, alas !
Shall charm this heart no more.
Ah ! could'st thou not have lingered, love,
To cheer me yet awhile ;
Life's scene to bless and brighten still,
With thy sweet, radiant smile !

Thou wast the only precious one
Thy gentle mother left me,
When Death, of her so fondly loved,
Relentlessly bereft me ;

How often in thy face I traced
Her lineaments so fair,
And in thy soft and beaming eyes
Her image pictured there !

Oh, is this not a painful dream,
Pressing my midnight pillow,
As when I homeward bent my course,
Tossed on the heaving billow—
Clinging its dark and fitful form
Round household visions fair,
Which painted thee, my darling child,
The loveliest image there ?

Ah, no, this breathless form,—this bier,—
Those flowers around thee spread,—
The gloom o'ershadowing hearth and hall,—
Proclaim—that Thou art dead !
All the bright scenes of cherished home,—
The green lawn, and the lake,
The fields I loved to call thine own,
But dark regrets awake.

Had I but seen thee once again,
And watched thy dying bed,
Caught the last flickering of thy breath,
Pillowed thy drooping head ;

My heart, methinks, would not have felt,
This bitterness of grief;—
Though sad the post, to love it gives
A sacred, sweet relief.

But shall I mourn thy loss, my child,
Without one solaced feeling,
Or beam of light within the cloud,
High, heavenly hopes revealing?
Forgive, my God, the bitter grief,
Which murmured thy behest,
Thy love divine, which made my child
An angel bright and blest.

Teach me to say, “Thy will be done!”
’Tis kindest, wisest, best,—
The cloud-robed tempest ’mid its ire,
Bears blessings in its breast.
Though darkness deep invests His path,
Yet glories gem His crown,
And mercy beams through all the clouds
That o’er His footsteps frown!

My stricken heart to Jesus yields
Love’s deep devotion now;
Adores and blesses—while it bleeds—
His hand that strikes the blow!

Then, fare thee well,—a little while
Earth's troubled dream is past,
And I shall meet with thee, my child,
In Life—in bliss at last !

THE HARP OF JUDAH.

The Harp that once in Judah's land
Swelled soft with melody,
Now hangs untouched by holy hand
Of sacred minstrelsy ;
For, languishing in captive chains,
The sons of Zion weep,
And silent are her sweetest strains—
Unsoothed her sorrows deep !

No more in Zion's sacred halls
The Harp of Judah swells—
Its dying cadence as it falls,
Of tears and bondage tells ;
Untuned upon the willow trees
By Babel's stream it hangs,
And sighing, whispers to the breeze
In tones of woe, her pangs !

Oh ! who in Zion's sacred lays
Shall strike that Harp again ?—
The chords which breathed Jehovah's name,
Are touched and swept in vain !
And when her proud oppressors ask
For one of Zion's songs,
Oh ! bitter to her soul the task,
Which tears and grief prolongs !

For how can she the Lord's sweet song
In land of strangers sing—
The dulcet tones that tell her wrong,
Her heart with anguish wring ?
Ah ! rather let her daughters weep
O'er Zion's glories fled,—
In silence let her music sleep,
Since Judah's hope is dead !

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

WRITTEN FOR A LADY WHO REQUESTED "CHRISTIAN WORDS" TO
THE AIR OF "PESTAL."

Death has come at last,
And on its anguished couch reclining,
Gloomy shadows fast
Bedim Life's faint and feeble shining !

Swift the things of Earth are fading from mine eyes !
Vanished as a dream
All their glories seem—
Can a brighter world, in bliss and beauty rise,
Splendours soft transcendent beam ?

Yes! though dark the vale,
The love of God its gloom illuming,
Sheds while fears prevail,
Bright hope,—with peace my path perfuming!

Death, where is thy sting?—Oh, Grave ! thy mystery ?

Thy destruction be—

Jesus died for me—

God will give the triumph—God the victory—

Christ hath set the captive free !

Yes ! beloved Lord,

My fettered soul its bond is breaking,—

Jesus ! Great Adored,

Thy face I see, in glory waking !

LINES,
WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

ADDRESS OF THIS ALBUM TO ITS CONTRIBUTORS.

My form is small,—mine aspect plain,
No golden decorations reign
Upon my front—no paintings high
In beauty strike the dazzled eye,
To deck my unassuming leaves ;—
No brilliant illustration weaves
Its graceful fancies in the nooks
Of my meek pages! Prouder books
May boast of their superb array—
I court the Good, and not the Gay!
I love the beauties of the mind,
The glow of intellect refined—
The charming graces which are lent
By loveliness of sentiment—
The tender earnestness of feeling
Affections' sympathies revealing—

The painting of the Poet's pen,
In lofty aspiration, when
The bright conceptions of his soul,
Like clouds of glory round him roll ;
And beautiful creations high,
Rear their sweet fancies to the sky—
Where, dipt in dyes of the soft heaven,
His lyrics elegant are given,
To deck my form with the bright bay,
Which graces the poetic lay !

Pens gifted ! let my page be pure ;
Perish the sallies which allure
To one vain or ignoble thought !—
But let Heaven's holy wisdom, fraught
With the rich loveliness its own,
Around me as a robe be thrown ;
Then shall a dignity divine
Upon mine humble pages shine !
I woo sweet strains of holy love,
To Him who reigns in light above ;
Themes that exalt and honour God—
His holy providences rod,
Or smile benignant,—the rich grace
Of the Redeemer' love to trace

In paths of mercy ! These I ask,
 To aid me in my pleasant task,
 To spread before the mind of youth,
 The precious gems of sacred truth !

Nor do I wish one page of mine,
 With dimmer radiancy to shine,
 Than holiness of heart and thought,
 From sacred aspiration caught !
 Oh ! that God's spirit would inspire,
 Some kindlings of the sacred fire,
 Which breathed and burned in David's lyre :
 Then would my pages fragrant be,
 With a delightful sanctity—
 Emerging soft from fading Time
 Into Eternity sublime !

ON THE DEATH OF MY MOTHER.

My Mother! can it truly be,
That we are torn from love and thee—
That all our joys, so sweet and cherished,
With thee are fled, and past, and perished?

My Mother! while we bid adieu,
Sad tears our weeping eyes bedew;
The charms that bound thee to the heart,
Can never from our thoughts depart.

How still and pale, thy placid face!
The index once of every grace,
That dignified—adorned—refined,
Thy high, and heaven-exalted mind.

Beauty once brightened on thy brow,—
But all is past and perished now;
Save pencilled trace of features fair,
Which 'mid the wreck, still lingers there.

Cold is that bosom, once the seat
Of holy love, and virtue sweet ;—
Now closed and dim thy beaming eye !
Now hushed for aye the heaving sigh !

No more the cherished lines we trace
Of thy beloved, familiar face ;
No more thy gentle smile shall cheer
Life's journey, sad—and dark—and drear.

The mutual thought—the genial glow
Of converse sweet, have vanished now,
Like fleeting shadow, or a dream ;—
How bright these lovely visions seem !

Thy cares, and fears, and toils are o'er,
Thy tender bosom beats no more ;
Deep sorrow swells no more thy breast,—
Thy soul is hushed to endless rest !

My Mother ! Death drew gently near,
As music on the listening ear ;
As rippling eddies calmly die ;
Or as the streamlet murmurs by.

How softly on the ear it fell !
Before we knew or scarce could tell
From whence it came, or what might be,
When, ah ! we learned it came for thee.

Not as the tempests and the storms,
In wrath arouse terrific forms ;—
But like the sighing of the gale,
Sweeping so gently through the vale.

Not like the fierce volcanic burst,
Pouring its ire on lands accurst ;—
But like the whispers of the breeze,
That dance among the verdant trees.

Not as the thunderbolts are hurled
Over a prostrate, ruined world ;—
But like the accents, still and small,
Which, 'mid the tempest, softly fall.

My Mother ! thus you left the arms,
Which clasped thee in the last alarms—
With viewless speed of angel flight,
You winged your way to realms of light.

Now to the lonely grave consigned,
By stone and dewy clod confined ;
With thee our dearest treasure lies,
While mingling tears and sorrows rise.

Yet, bright and holy gleams are given
Of thy transcendent bliss in heaven,
Which, 'mid the sullen gloom of night,
Shed sacred,—soft,—celestial light.

We see thee, ransomed from the scene
Of sorrow, anguish, toil, and pain ;—
Earth's gloomy shadows swept away,
And triumph gained o'er Death's array.

We see thee, clothed in robes of light,
Adorned with glories pure and bright ;—
Many a rare and radiant gem
Now sparkles in thy diadem !

Thy blissful state of glorious gladness,
My Mother ! sweetly soothes our sadness,
And stirs our souls to efforts high,
To meet thee in the radiant sky.

Oh ! may we reach that happy shore,
Where waves of trouble dash no more ;
Where sighs are hushed, where none are weeping—
But all are safe in Jesus' keeping !

EPITAPH ON MY MOTHER.

ENGRAVED ON AN ELEGANT MONUMENTAL TABLET, ERECTED
TO HER MEMORY BY HER CHILDREN.

Oh ! rest, holy dust, in Christ calmly sleeping,
Bright angels around thee, vigils are keeping ;
Oh ! rest, for thy Spirit in rapture has soared
To Jesus, by saint and by seraph adored !
The tears of undying affection are shed,
Still silently over thy dark, narrow bed ;
The pure flame of Faith still brightly illumines it,
The fragrance of Hope still sweetly perfumes it.
With thee we shall rest, but with thee we shall rise,
And gather around thee once more in the skies !

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

H y m n.

ADAPTED TO THE MUSIC OF "STABAT MATER,"
AS AN INCENTIVE TO THE CULTIVATION OF THE HIGHER AND
MORE SACRED STYLES OF MUSIC AND POETRY.

Jesus' Mother sunk in anguish,
Saw his spirit faint and languish
On the cross where Shiloh died.
Mercy's richest boon bestowing,
With its softest glories glowing,
Flowing from Emmanuel's side.

Swift the mystic hour is stealing,
Thoughts of many hearts revealing,
When a sword shall pierce her soul !
O'er his mild benignant nature,
Beaming on each pallid feature,
Death's dark shadows swiftly roll.

Hark ! the groans of Jesus dying !
See him trembling ! hear him crying !

“Father ! why forsaken now ? ”

Sins unnumbered met around him,
Justice as its victim found him,
Wounded—bruised—the MAN OF WOR !

Seraph songs are hushed in heaven,
While to him the cup is given,
Full of woes and agonies ;
Heaven suspends its lofty praises,
While stupendous mercy raises,
Monuments that crown the skies.

While his spirit drooped declining,
Lo ! the sun forsook his shining,
Darkness deep enrobed the skies ;
Mountains trembled—rocks were rending,
Earth’s strong pillars then were bending,
While he poured his dying cries.

Graves were opened, where reposing
Saints awaited the disclosing,
Of his glory on the Morn,
When he burst Death’s gloomy dwelling,
In bright majesty excelling,
Of the sleeping dead—First Born !

Ransomed myriads attended,
When the risen Lord ascended,
On his chariot of cloud ;
Met by angel hosts adoring,
From the Heaven's high portals pouring,
With triumphant shoutings loud.

Godhead-glories shone resplendent,
When the Conqueror transcendent,
On his Father's Throne sat down :
Grandest Mercy—richest Love,
Canopied his seat above,—
Brightest stars that gemmed his crown !

On His sapphire throne he pleads,
All His children's weakness needs,
In the earthly path he trod ;
When their heart and flesh are failing,
Intercession all prevailing,
Clasps them in the arms of God.

Jesus ! Great Adored—expiring
Love divine thy breast inspiring,
Thou did'st hear the dying prayer,
On the Cross poured forth before thee,—
Man redeemed did *THERE* adore thee,—
Mercy reigned and triumphed *THERE* !

Now enthroned in bliss above,
Still the same surpassing love,
 Forms the glory of thy name ;
With a human heart revealing
Deepest tenderness of feeling,
 Thou art Jesus ! still the same !

Hear my prayer, to thee ascending,
With the incense fragrance blending,
 Of thy sacred sacrifice !
Blessed Jesus !—Love's pure fountain !
Sorrow like a mighty mountain,
 Sunk thy soul in agonies.

Lord ! let sorrow deep awaken,
When I look on Thee forsaken,
 Wounded—dying—desolate.
Father ! make my ardent spirit,
Trusting in Christ's grace and merit,
 Rest in Love immaculate.

Sinners' refuge ! Lord of glory !
Saints and seraphim adore thee,
 For thy matchless majesty.
Holy—holy—holy Jesus,
Who from woe eternal frees us,
 God of love and verity !

Grant, O Lord ! thy benediction,
Fix the pains of crucifixion,
On my spirit mournfully ;
Love expended all its treasures,
Mercy flowed in boundless measures,
Stretching to Eternity.

Grant, through life thy Spirit's guiding,
Keep my erring feet from sliding,
In the paths of Life divine.
Wings eternal overspreading,
Beams of love and glory shedding,
Rich celestial blessings shine !

When this mortal flame dissolving,
To its pristine dust resolving,
Struggles with approaching death,
Catch the vital spark expiring,
From its earthly house retiring,
Lord, receive my parting breath !

In the grave when I am lying,
Wintry winds around me sighing,
Circling ages whispering by,
Holy angels, watch be keeping,
O'er the spot where I am sleeping,
Lord of angels ! linger nigh.

Till the blessed morning breaking,
Slumbering Dead in Christ awaking,
 Bursts in beauty on the sky ;
Then 'mid shout of angels soaring,
Let me join Heaven's rapt adoring,
 Glory be to God on high !

THE TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF JACOB.

JACOB'S CHILDHOOD.

The sun was sinking in a flood of light,
O'er a sweet vale of Judah, girt around
By lofty hills, clothed from their verdant base
To their proud summits, by thick forest groves
Of stately cedars, and tall waving palms,
Which richly graced the natural ascent
Of terraced heights, till mountain tops were crowned
By shadows vast of their majestic forms.
A wide encampment of white glittering tents,
In primitive and patriarchal style,
Of Eastern dwelling, covered the expanse
Of Shebah's lovely vale, which stretched beneath
In hidden beauty, sheltered by the shade
Of circling hills.

Here holy Isaac dwelt
In tents;—inheritor of Abraham's faith,
And of God's promise, in a foreign land.

Within a tent, whose ample folds in front—
Uncurtained—sought the balmy breeze of eve,
Which waved its gentle pinions in the air,
Sultry with ardours of the tropic sun,
Appears Rebecca, seated with her sons—
Twin brothers, yet in boyhood's early prime ;
The younger, with an easy grace had flung
His buoyant form beside his mother's couch,
Reposing his fair cheek upon her knees.
He was a lovely boy, of gentle mien,
But with an animated eye, whose glance
Was full of joyous sweetness, as he smiled
In sweet response to soft maternal smiles,
Beaming upon him with a lavish love ;
Like some sweet stream, whose limpid waves reflect
In answering sparkles, the refulgent sun !
His elder brother was of rougher mould,
Withal possessed of nobleness of form,
Bespeaking birth and breeding high. His face,
Though fine, was swarthy ; while his sullen brow,
Still child-like, imaged forth the future man—
The haughty hunter of the savage wild—
Progenitor of princes—ancestor
Of Edom's dwellers in the palaced rocks.

By naught of tender sympathies of love
Esau seemed touched ! With careless air he met
His mother's gentle greeting—nor had long
Reposed his wearied frame, but bounded forth
To sports congenial to his sterner soul.
Not so the gentle Jacob—he reclined
Still lovingly upon his mother's form,
Which oft before had yielded him repose ;
While bending fondly o'er her favourite child,
Rebecca gazed with rapture on his brow,
So fair—so noble—parting his bright locks,
And drinking in, his sweet expressive looks,
Which even now the high impression bore,
Of gifts and graces of his future years.

While thus they sat, the mother and her son,
Their beauty was as blended into one—
Or images of each, so like they smiled ;
The fine dark eye, so dazzling, yet so soft,
Fringed by the drooping lid—the lofty brow,
The noble contour, and the features fair,
Which eminently marked God's chosen race,
Appeared in both, in loveliness the same !
And in his high intelligence of eye,
The boy appeared as he had caught the soul,

Which breathed expression on his mother's face—
The charm ineffable of holiness,
Imprinted in bright beauty on her brow,
Which bore an elevated cast of thought—
A character of soft sublimity,
Blended with queenly dignity and grace,
Marking the mother of a Prince with God,
Herself the sweet participant of grace,
And heavenly honours high.

Holy and meek

The boy's expressive sweetness softly grew,—
As with a deep solemnity of mien
And tenderness unspeakable, she laid
Her hand in fervent blessing on his head,
And thus poured forth the feelings of her soul.

REBECCA'S SONG.

God of my father Abraham!—fulfil
Thy gracious promises and grand design,
According to thy wise and holy will,
Preserve in Jacob, Heaven's own chosen line;—
By thy Divine decree, oh ! bless him, Lord,
Above the blessing of the bow and sword !

While yet his being in my breast reposed,
 Veiled in its mystery of form and fate,
Divinely to my vision were disclosed
 Splendours of Deity immaculate ;—
In mystic clouds Eternal counsels rolled,
Which the dim Future promised to unfold.

And since the hour his breathing beauty wound
 Its thousand gentle tendrils round my heart,
A sweet delightful sympathy hath bound
 My secret soul to his—blended in part
With a profound and reverential awe,
As stamped upon his brow, God's seal I saw.

It is not that his loveliness transcends
 The darker blush upon his brother's cheek ;
Nor high endowment to his beauty lends
 Its charm unspeakable, nor tempers meek,
Of his sweet nature—binds my heart to him,
In love resembling love of seraphim.

It is the rapt revealings of his soul,
 Which beam through graces of his budding youth,
Denoting the ineffable control,
 And lofty impulses of heavenly Truth,

Imparted to a holy Seed. Oh! bliss—
My Jacob is inheritor of this!

God's chosen servant to erect a throne—
A heavenly kingdom to the Lord on earth—
Empire established by the Holy One,
Who changes not,—who gives to worlds their
birth,—
Material immense! More wondrous far,
Creations of his moral glory are!

Two mighty nations from my children spring;
Esau is monarch of Earth's stately wild—
A supernatural and mystic thing—
High heavenly essence, to my chosen child,
Belongs by free gift—by the Lord's behest—
It is His Blessing—and he shall be blest!

Sweet Blessing!—to my spirit dearer far,
Than worlds on worlds with all their splendid
store
Of loveliness and riches. Jacob's Star
Shines with a brighter ray. I ask no more—
God's grace is all and all! Then bless him, Lord,
Above the blessing of the bow and sword!

JACOB'S DREAM.

The shades of Eve had gathered o'er the sky,
In swifter deepness than the glowing heavens,
Appeared to welcome, for bright lines of light
Still struggled with the shadows that prevailed,
Like smiles of a departing angel shed,
In tender pity o'er some darkening scene
Of earthly misery !

Up the long slope
Of undulating land, that reared its form
In dusky outline, to the deepening sky,
Toiled a lone Traveller, whose weary step
And drooping gesture, was the only thing
Which stirred in that wild, pathless solitude.
At length he gained the summit, and sat down
On the rough stones that strewed the mountain top,
Which yet a plain appeared ; for hills beyond
Arose in dark succession to his view.
As he reclined his head upon his staff,
In attitude expressive of deep toil,

All solitary seemed that weary one,
Benighted pilgrim on the dreary wild !
And sad as solitary could the night
Have shown the shadows that obscured his brow
And quenched the ardour of his beaming eye !
Still—solemn was the scene ! Above him stretched
The calm, unbroken density of sky,
Where stars had not yet formed their diadem
Of sparkling gems, to crown Night's dusky brow !
Beyond, the dim illimitable waste
Of unknown distance, frowned in dreariness,
Which grew more dismal as the land-marks paled
Into faint, shadowy indistinctness.

He gazed in the direction of the path,
Which in his toilsome journey he had trod,
And almost fancied he could see afar
The spot which he had left at dawn of day,—
A fugitive and exile—gently rise
In dim resplendence, like the evening star,
Shining through halo of soft summer clouds !
In that rapt look, how many pictures rose
Of past and perished scenes of bliss, his eyes,
Perchance, would recognise on earth no more !
His Father's kindness, and his Mother's love,—

The sweet associations of a home,
Holy and happy, rushed into his thoughts ;
Like some bright vision of angelic dream,
Crowded with images superb and fair,
Melting to vagueness at unwelcome dawn !
In one bright passing pageant he had lived
These happy moments once again !

Anon,

The night wind moaning with its rising swell
Of melancholy music, wild and low,
Recalled his wandering senses to his lone
And desolate condition, 'mid the wilds
Of Nature, buried in night's deep repose.
Oppressed with toil and woe, he sunk to rest
On the cold earth, which formed his lowly couch,
The stones his pillow, who till now had slept
In soft retirement of the sheltered tent,—
His placid slumbers watched by tender love !
His canopy was heaven—the shades of night,—
The gloomy curtains that enclosed him round,
And wrapt him in their melancholy pall.
Rebecca ! blessed is the veil which hides
From thy fond sight, thy Jacob thus alone,
Exposed unsheltered to the dews of night,
And teeming dangers of the midnight hour.

Before the brightening ether of the morning clouds.

Yet he was not alone—for God was there,
Father of mercies, pouring on his child,—
Unconscious in his pale and troubled sleep,
The infinite compassions of His breast,
Stirred to its depths eternal, by the sight
Of his intense abandonment and woe !
The blessed Spirit in creative might, `
Of sanctities and consolations sweet,
Shed sacred glories on that midnight hour.
A guard of holy Angels lingered nigh,
In bright encampment round the hallowed spot.
The Lord of Angels with his love was there,
His tender sympathies—communion sweet,
And purposes benignant,—

How august !

The Triune presence of the Deity,
Shining in splendour round the lowly bed
On which reposed the child of many prayers ;
Absent and distant from the tender love
Which long had watched and waited for this hour
Of promised blessing on the chosen Seed,
In fond indulgence of each high wrought wish
Of bliss and brightness for her darling son.

Fatigued he slept—the heavy sleep of toil—

And mental anguish all unfelt before ;
The "day of his distress" had closed in clouds,
Which knew no breaking to his dreaming eye.
He slept—dark visions of the night displayed
A brighter aspect, as they stole away,
Tinged with the glories which assumed their place,
New image forming of transcendent bliss,
Intensely pictured and divinely wrought,
In mystic meaning on the Dreamer's soul !
He slept—and in his visioned sleep he saw
A mystic ladder set upon the Earth,
Whose summit reached to Heaven—bright Angels
there
Ascending and descending—holy throng,
On lofty and delightful errand bound !

He gazed astonished, while revealings high
Imprinted on his conscious soul the Sign
In all its glowing splendours of design,
And blessedness of import.—Symbol high
Of Him whose sacred person it revealed
In twofold nature, human and divine—
The lowly human, set upon the earth—
Divinity sublime, which reached to heaven ;
Mysterious union ! God and Man

Met in Emmanuel! Incarnate God,
God manifest in flesh—a mortal man,
Encompassed with infirmities and woes,
Yet fellow of Jehovah—equal God,—
The brightness of His glory—the express
And perfect image of high Deity!

And now behold fresh glories burst to view—
Above the sacred symbol thus replete
With high and holy meanings, stood THE LORD
Invested with his attributes divine,
The self-existent and eternal God,
Immutable Jehovah, fount of bliss
And mercy, to a lost and ruined world;
The God and Father of the Son adored—
Our God and Father reconciled to Him.
He stood above it—thus displayed to view,
In dazzling glory as the God of grace,
In attitude benignantly august
And tenderly attractive,—spreading out
His arms inviting lost ones to return
Forgiven, to the bosom of His love;
For he is God, not man, the faithful God,
Who keeps his covenant and promise sure—
His mercy and His truth for aye—whose eyes,

In searching Providence, run to and fro
Throughout the boundless Earth in the behalf
Of them that fear him,—as they rested now
On Bethel's Pilgrim, while he sweetly slept
On Earth's cold couch,—Heaven's holy Angels nigh
To guard and guide him ; and his Father's God
To watch beside his pillow, and to breathe
In living accents, the transcendent truths
Of promises divine ; confirming now
His rich inheritance of Canaan's land,
And his high birthright in himself and seed
To bless all nations !

What a Dream was this !
His dark distress is changed to brightest joy.
Forlorn, forsaken, and oppressed, he slept—
But sweet was his awaking ! The dark clouds
Had vanished from the sky, and Nature smiled
In holy harmony with heavenly love
Still glowing on his soul ? Profoundest awe
Stole o'er his spirit, as high visions fled,
And left their impress on his waking sense
Of a SEEN GOD !—How dreadful was this place !
This was none other than the house of God,
The gate of Heaven !

Then Jacob took the stone

Of his night pillows, and he set it up
A pillared monument of this bright scene
Of lofty promise and transcendent bliss ;
Anointed with perfume of holy oil
And sacred vows to fear and follow God—
A sacred—sweet, and consecrated spot,
The seat and symbol of God's house on Earth !

JACOB'S WRESTLING.

Years few and evil, yet relieved by light
Of many mercies mingled in his lot,
Had flown o'er Jacob's head since last he trod
The path to Bethel ;—whither now he bends
His toilsome journey homewards.

Night again

Had covered with its sable robe the skies,
Wrapping the Earth in silence and repose ;
Again he was alone in a still spot,
Beside a brook, whose sparkling waters rolled
In murmuring gushes on the silent air,
Responsive to the heavy sighs which burst,
In bitter anguish from his troubled breast.
Beyond his dark retirement, cheerful lights,
From tents adjacent, shed some softened rays
Around the dim horizon, and disclosed
A scene of night encampment, with its stir

And weariness, imparting to the spot
An animation all unwonted there.

He gazed in deep emotion on the scene,
So full of high anticipated bliss
And sweet domestic joys, where centred all
He held on earth most dear !

In agony

Of mingled feelings, where in conflict deep,
High hope in God or overwhelming fears,
Seemed to prevail, as faith or fainting swayed
Or sunk his soul ;—profound perplexity
Thus filled his breast with all its gloomy forms,
Of clouds and tempest—agonies and fears.
Dark—pressing peril threatened to assail
That pleasant home—that household of his love,
Engulfing him and all his cherished hopes
In the sad ruins of its loveliness.

No refuge Jacob knew—nor sure retreat,—
Nor hiding place—nor covert from the storm—
Nor shelter from the dreaded wrath of man,
Save in the power and faithfulness of God,
His mercies and His promises divine !

In mental conflict he retired to pray,
Amid the silent watches of the night,
To the dark shades of a sequestered grove.
He deemed he was alone—no mortal eye
Beheld his high communing with his God,
The pouring out before him of his griefs,
The earnest breathings of his fainting soul,
For sweet communications of his love—
The bright display of his redeeming power—
His wisdom, pity, and paternal love ;—
Ascending all—in incense of his tears,
Deep sighs and supplications to the skies !
But ONE was there, in that lone place of prayer,
Unseen spectator of the hallowed scene,
Listening with deep intensity of heart
And ear attentive, to the bursting sighs
And earnest aspirations of his soul,
Breathed in his anguish by the Pleader there !
Could the deep darkness have revealed his form,
That form was full of majesty and might,
As bright Archangel that excelled in strength,
On embassy of dignity dispatched
From the pure Empyrean ;—God indeed,
In likeness of a man, his presence showed

So excellent and glorious a grace !

Yet as a mortal foe he seemed to come—
In hostile attitude severe he stood
Before the Suppliant, and sudden clasped
His arms around him, as a wrestler strong
Would close with fellow combatant, to test
By conflict keen, opposing force and skill.
Alas! the feeble Jacob ill could meet
The sudden onset of this mighty foe!
With all the sins and sorrows of his heart,
Weighing his drooping spirit to the dust—
Exhausted and forlorn, he little dreamed
Encountering a conflict fierce as this,
With enemy unknown and unrevealed,
In all—save that he bore the form of Man.
He felt strong arms around him, firm entwined
In bodily encounter, breast to breast,
And limb to limb, in wrestling combat keen—
Conflicting—unremitted—stern—sustained
Till shadows of the night unnoticed waned,
And harbingers of dawn exultant broke,
In emanations soft of lovely light,
Stealing from portals of the eastern sky,
And blending with the darker tints that paled

Before the brightening ether of the morning clouds.

Still Jacob wrestled with reviving force—
Invigorated courage—ardent hope
Dispelling dark despondencies and fears,
As if the strength of his antagonist,
By sympathy of contact close and keen,
Imparted strength to his enfeebled frame,
And fortitude to his despairing heart.
Transports inexplicable filled his soul
To ardour of enjoyment in the strife—
Protracted—painful, yet delightful still,
Encircled in the arms which grappled him
In that long struggle of athletic strength !
For sweetly yet most wondrously it seemed,
Those arms so terrible were tender too,
Ineffably sustaining in their clasp,
His impotence, and misery, and sin,
Sustaining him, as on an angel's wing,
To higher—nobler energies of strength,
Till vanquished by the very power he gave,
He loosed his hold and struggled to be free.

But now the feeble Wrestler had waxed strong,
Faith—hope, and holy love, inspired his soul

And nerved his arm to energies sublime,
In confidence of still prevailing more
With Him whose heart was yielding to his power.
But touched upon the hollow of his thigh—
That touch disabled him, and clinging now
In helplessness, yet in undying hope,
To Him who dealt it with so high a hand,
He felt his weakness in the midst of strength,
But felt it sweetness inexpressible
Thus to be feeble, while still strong in Him !

He clung, nor would he suffer Him to go,
Though urged desistance by an earnest voice,
Ineffably commanding, yet benign,
Thrilling the deep recesses of his soul
As with a two-edged sword which piercing healed,
The wounds and sorrows of his bleeding heart.
He knew—he knew that heavenly voice which spoke
Benignity and blessing to his soul !
He knew the WONDROUS ONE with whom he strove—
The breast of kindness upon which he leaned—
The arms of mercy which enclosed him round,
E'en when they seemed uplifted to destroy !
He knew Him, and he would not let Him go,
Till He had blessed his longing soul with all

The richest graces of his large desires,
As He had blessed him with a sight and sense
Of His high presence in a mortal mould,
Of likeness and identity to Man !
Adoring—loving Him—he asked His name,
In consummation of His highest bliss.
That incommunicable Name was hid
In grandeurs of His glory unrevealed,
But as a Prince with God, his power prevailed,
He named him Israel, and blessed him there !

JACOB'S DEATH.

Fair Egypt ! never did thy lovely land,
Appear more beautiful, and odorous
With aromatic sweets of palmy groves
And glowing campaigns, robed in living green
Invigorated and refreshed by swell
Of thy rich waters, when their ebbing tides
Receding, swept again the banks of Nile !
And never did thy skies shed softer hues
Of waning loveliness at eventide,
Nor breezes fan with gentler breath the air,
Nor all thy loveliness look lovelier,
So richly dipt in soft and splendid dyes
Of Nature's renovated gorgeousness—
Than on a memorable summer eve,
Of thy sweet clime, thus pouring forth its balm
And beauty, that a venerable seer,
Nor prince nor peer of Egypt's mighty realm,
Though dignity denoting eminence,

Serenely dwelt upon his aged brow !—
But He who was surnamed a Prince with God,—
Loved Israel—a stranger in the land,
Lay lowly stretched upon the couch of Death,
Whose gloomy shadows deepening fast, proclaim
His swift approach.—

The days of Jacob now,
With all their varied scenes of light and shade
Were drawing to a close ! To him nor Earth
In all its beauty—nor bright heavens enrobed
In cloudless azure—nor soft breezes balm
Wafting its fragrance and its freshness round—
Nor Eve's retiring loveliness, could yield
One gleam of satisfied delight, or wake
As wont to ardent admiration more !

Creations glories he had witnessed oft
And loved them—with illuminated eye,
Which saw amid the beauties of the earth
The impress of the glories of the skies !
But now the grander scenes of heavenly bliss,
Were bursting in their splendour on his view,
In visions vast eclipsing charms of earth,
As noonday sun surpasses morn's pale dawn !

Within a curtained chamber, whose repose
And gorgeousness contrasted with the tent
Which formed his humble home in former days—
The dying Jacob, with a holy calm,
In dignity reposing on his brow,
Awaited the approach of his last foe !
Around his couch a throng of stately men
Was gathered, on whose faces, solemn awe
And grief profound were pictured.

There was One,
Whose nobleness of mien surpassed the rest,
As the proud oak excels the forest trees,
So princely and so peerless was his form,
So exquisitely beautiful his face,
In its calm, lofty, sweet expressiveness ;
Now solemnised, at the approach of death,
Into a rapt sublimity of eye
And holiness of aspect—fixed—devout—
Absorbed in deepest tenderness of grief,
As best befitted Joseph's heart to feel !

Yes ! many mingled thoughts absorbed his soul,
As he regarded the momentous strife
Of the departing spirit, still enshrined
In its dissolving tabernacle—just

Upon the verge of its triumphant flight
To glory and felicity ! That form,
His dying Father—venerated—loved,
With a deep love beyond the heart's fond throb
Of natural affection—love refined
To sympathies congenial with the soul
Of the expiring saint—the Heaven-Inspired !
With revelations of eternal things,
Lofty and mystic, yet sublimely sweet
In their magnificence of mercy !—dark
With their excessive brightness, yet relieved
By softened streamings, from the radiant cloud
Of God's rich purposes of love to man !
How many retrospective visions rise
On contemplation of the solemn close
Of Jacob's memorable days !—designed
To comfort and sustain the child of God
To latest ages, in the pictures drawn
By pencil dipt in heavenly dyes, of scenes
Unparalleled in pathos, and in high
And grand disclosures of the power of God,
His love—his faithfulness, and truth divine !

Afflicted—few, and evil were the days
Which Jacob witnessed in his chequered course

Of earthly pilgrimage. His lonely bed
At Bethel formed the first of these dark days ;
And now the closing scene of Death is seen,
Between these distant days, what sad events,
Perplexing—lurid—dark, throughout appear—
Though rich in mercy, yet were times of deep
And dire distress, which wrung his tender soul !
How many deaths of loved ones he had seen
Before his own departing hour had come—
His fond and gentle mother since the morn
He left her for drear Bethel's solitude,
To sleep and dream of glories of the skies—
That mother, he had never seen again !
The fond embraces, and the sad farewell
Of that dark day, though little deemed by them,
Were breathings of their last adieus on earth !
Rebecca saw her " banished one " no more !
Ere his anticipated glad return
Unto his Father's house in peace—she died !

Next Deborah expired, upon whose knees
His cherished infancy was nursed—she found a grave
At Bethel, and in peace reposed
Beneath " the oak of weeping."

But, alas !

The King of terrors had in dread reserve,
A darker—sterner stroke to pierce his soul !
His Rachel—the beloved and beautiful,—
The object of his deep and early love—
The sweet companion of his cherished days—
Cherished associate of the hallowed hours
Of sacred converse, when they oftentimes talked
Of God, and of his dealings—gracious, wise,
Guiding dark fluctuations of their lot ;—
That bright and lovely star, in his dark sky,
Was suddenly eclipsed in clouds and woe !
'Mid sweet anticipations of a length
Of better, brighter days on earth,—she died !
Her child, “ Benoni,” was the touching gift
Of love to Jacob which she left behind !
He buried her at Bethlehem, the spot—
The bright and sacred spot where Christ was born.
Fit sepulchre for the beloved and lost !
And o'er her hallowed grave—her sacred dust—
He reared a holy pillar which his tears
Perfumed and consecrated !

Isaac next

Was gathered to his fathers, like a shock
Of corn, matured and rich with heavenly fruits ;
Holy—and blessed, and full of days he died,

And in Machpelah's cave his dust reposed,
Mingling with ashes of his holy sires.
Here, too, lay Leah, in her death deplored,
The more sincerely that a dearer love,
In perished days eclipsed her humble worth.

Thus Jacob wept at many hallowed graves,
Ere the hour came "when Israel must die!"
His last—his greatest conflict still awaits—
Dark gathering clouds with awful terrors frown;
But for the coming strife new strength is gained,
As once before he wrestled and prevailed—
Bright Angels still descend to guide and guard
In his last conflict, Heaven's beloved child,
As they were wont to minister before!
The Lord of Angels shades him with His love,
From clouds and tempests of the gloomy vale,
And sheds His sweetest comforts in that hour!
The God of Abraham—his Father's God—
His God and Father, reconciled to him,
Surrounds his dying pillow 'mid the last alarms,
With sweet communications of his love,
And bright celestial glories of the skies!

His dark and troubled life—his chequered days

Now beam with brightness at their peaceful close ;
Dark scenes of Providence are brightened now,
And many hopes once blighted, realised,
In wondrous—beautiful developement ;
His dream at Bethel is at length revealed,
And all its precious promises fulfilled—
Secured and sealed by Heaven—not one has failed !
His children round his dying pillow press,
High blessed hopes of them sustain his soul,
And cheer his spirit at the hour of death ;
The wounds of Earth are healed, and those who dealt
The bitter strokes, are changed and softened now ;
Deep penitence and grief glow in their eyes
As Jacob blesses them in holy love,
And in prophetic vision high inspired ;
And *he* whose lovely lineaments recall,
In fadeless bright distinctness, image fair
Of his lamented Mother—the Long-lost,—
The Heaven-restored is there !

Yes, Joseph's arms
Are round him—'tis *his* beating breast
That pillows and sustains his Father's head,
As drooping, he reclines 'mid swift decays
Of nature's energies !—oh ! bright and blest—
Sublime and sweet the dying scene—The sun

Of Jacob in a glorious sky descends ;
No cloud bedims his joy and peace serene,—
Not Death's dark shades could veil the light divine
Which burst upon his soul, and on his face
Glowed in transcendent beauty—as HE DIED,
And his emancipated spirit winged
Its transit swift, to Heaven's sublime repose !

And now though pale and pulseless—cold and dead,
That lifeless form is holy dust—than gems
More precious and more purely bright ! That dust
To Heaven is gloriously allied—and bound
By bond of Mercy to His throne who shed
His blood to save and ransom His redeemed.
From death—sin, and the gloomy grave !

Weep not !

For Jacob, then, for he is blest—beyond
All earthly storms and tribulations now.
Weep not ! for he has seen his Lord, whom once
He saw by Jabbok's lonely brook, when broke
Exultant day disclosing sight sublime,
Of God incarnate to his raptured eyes !
In glory now, did Jacob recognise
That Form august, in Jesus on his Throne ?—
Are these His lineaments embodied now

In majesty ineffable, which once
Beamed love and tenderness upon his soul,
As he was borne upon the Angel's breast,
And breathed his sorrows in Jehovah's ear,
In conflict for his blessing ! Cloudy robes
In splendours soft invest him, and the mild
And mingled beauty of the Bow of God
Surrounds his diadem of grace !—Do these
Reveal in light his covenanted love,
And bright communications of his power,
Which formed strong panoply 'mid scenes of Earth ?
Yes ! Jacob knows, as he is known on high,—
His soul is satisfied with Love Divine !

Yet Joseph wept, and poured forth sacred tears,
Bedewing his cold cheek with dews of love
And tenderness. He kissed those pallid lips
So silent now, yet once so eloquent,
Pouring sweet meltings o'er the raptured soul,
In holy prayers and benedictions high !
These accents he would never hear again
Beneath the skies,—nor see these eyes unsealed
In animated—living looks of love,
To bless him with their tender radiant beams.

* * * * *

An honourable grave in the far land
Of Promise—where he was a stranger—now
Was found for Jacob. Egypt's proudest peers
And princes, lent their grandeur to the scene
Of Burial, and swelled the train august
Of Mourners which conveyed him to his rest,
Midst the lone echoes of Machpelah's Plain !

THE NATIVITY.

'Tis night on Judah's sacred hills,
Their lonely watch the shepherds keep ;
No sound is heard, save murmuring rills,
For all around is hushed in sleep.

Unbroken shadows clothe the sky,
Nor gleams a solitary star,
Betokening to the raptured eye
Bright and celestial worlds afar

When, lo ! a flood of holy light
Bursts on the weary watchers gaze ;
Resplendent on the clouds of night,
Which glowed with bright but softened blaze.

And, hark ! upon their listening ears,
A breathing sound of Music came ;
So soft—so sweet, the strain appears,
Echo of high celestial theme !

The Melody assumes a voice

Of sweet and wondrous words of praise :

“ Rejoice ! ye sons of men, rejoice !

And loud your high hosannahs raise !

“ For, know, that God to Man has given,

Enrapt in mortal mean disguise,

His loved and only Son from heaven,

Now born in childhood's feeble guise.

“ The Saviour of a guilty world,

‘ The Tender Plant,’ so fragile now !—

The flag of peace is wide unfurled,

And floats on Zion's mountain brow.

“ Seek not in Temple's lofty dome,

In proud Jerusalem's marble halls

The heavenly Babe—his earthly home,

Is one of Bethlehem's meanest stalls !

“ No princely splendours deck his bed,

But viewless Angels watch his slumbers ;

Breathing soft blessings on his head,

In silent—rapt—seraphic numbers.

“ Mark yon resplendent Orb of light,
Burst into flaming being now,
Emerging from the gloom of night
Cresting the mountain’s cloudy brow ;

“ Potring its soft celestial beams
O’er valley, mountain, stream, and lake,
Rejoicing in its birth it seems,
As brighter glories still awake.

“ That mystic stranger of the skies,
Creation new in starry spheres,
Points to the spot where Jesus lies—
A Babe of feebleness and tears.

“ Reposing on his mother’s breast,
Low lies Emmanuel’s blessed head,
Ere yet affliction break his rest,
Or gathering clouds their shadows shed ;

“ Ere yet his thorny path he tread,
Of weariness, and toils, and tears ;
Ere sin-imputed woes o’erspread,
The placid smile his childhood wears.

“ Go and perfume the sacred spot !—
A World’s Redemption centres there—
Hallow the Saviour’s lowly lot,
By incense and adoring prayer ! ”

The heavenly message ended seems,
As if complete the wondrous story,
And fainter glow the gorgeous beams,
As softly waning in their glory.

But only to burst forth once more
In radiant floods more purely bright,
Till all the Heavens seemed blazing o’er,
A vast expanse of living light !

And forms of bright seraphic mould,
In myriad numbers sweep the skies,
’Mid girdling clouds of flaming gold,
Whose splendours dim the dazzled eyes.

Their thousand voices richly blended,
Pour lofty and mellifluent song ;
’The Anthem high to heaven ascended,
While echoing hills the notes prolong.

In lofty strains that Anthem sung
Redemption's grand—majestic plan ;
While soft and sweet the welkin rung
With songs of love and peace to man !

Then vanished, like a vision bright,
The radiant and benignant throng,
And 'mid the silent airs of night,
Soft died away the Seraph Song !

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ture, and is maintained with a correctness and consistency that impresses us with a very high opinion, indeed, of the fair limner's talents. Neither can we help singling out the scene on board the distressed ship, when thought to be on the eve of going down in a dark and tempestuous night. This appalling picture is sketched with singular skill, and with a force and vividness of colouring, which we do not recollect having ever seen surpassed, often as the scene has been painted before. The introduction of the pious missionary into this picture of human despair and misery, in one of its darkest hours, is finely imagined, and admirably executed. The calm and resigned bearing of the holy man in the midst of his terror-stricken companions in misfortune,—the perfect propriety, and Christian-like fortitude with which he maintains his sacred character, and discharges his sacred calling; administering comfort and consolation to his fellow-sufferers, at a moment when death, in one of its most appalling forms, seems inevitable to all, is a most impressive picture. Beautiful it is, aye, beautiful exceedingly."

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